

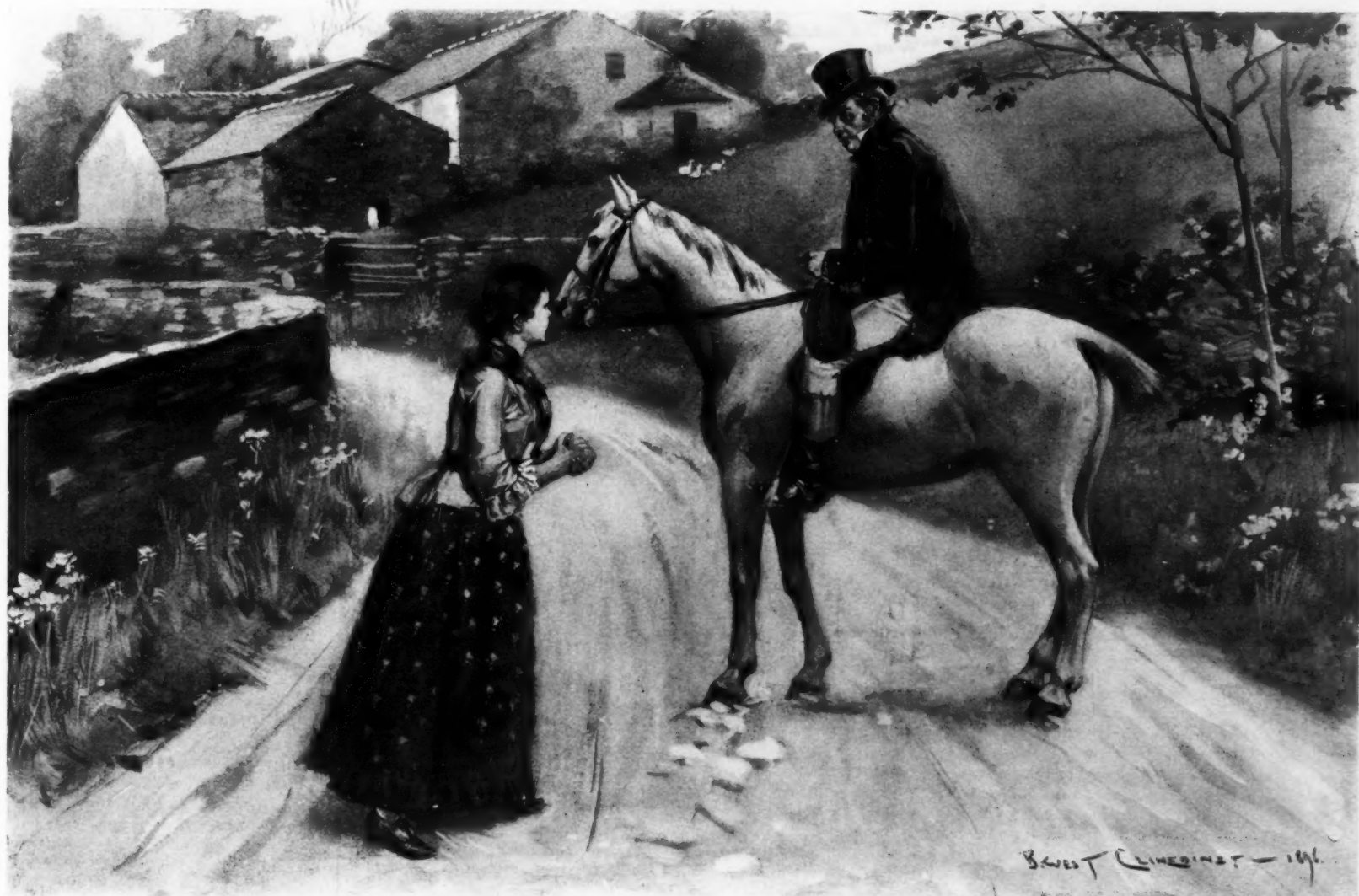
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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"'Is onnybody deid?' says his lordship. 'It's no Erchie?'"

WEIR OF HERMISTON.

THE LAST STORY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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PART I. INTRODUCTORY.



IN the wild end of a moorland parish, far out of the sight of any house, there stands a cairn among the heather, and a little by east of it, in the going down of the braeside, a monument with some verses half defaced. It was here that Claverhouse shot with his own hand the Praying Weaver of Balweary, and the chisel of Old Mortality has clinked on that lonely grave-stone. Public and domestic history have thus marked with a bloody finger this hollow among the hills; and since the Cameronian gave his life there, two hundred years ago, in a glorious folly and without comprehension or regret, the silence of the moss has been broken once again by the report of fire-arms and the cry of the dying.

The Deil's Hags was the old name. But the place is now called Francie's Cairn. For a while it was told that Francie walked. Aggie Hogg met him in the gloaming by the cairn-side and he spoke to her, with chattering teeth, so that his words were lost. He pursued Bob Todd (if any one could have believed Robbie) for the space of half a mile with pitiful entreaties. But the age is one of incredulity; these superstitious decorations speedily fell off, and the facts of the story itself,

like the bones of a giant buried there and half dug up, survived, naked and imperfect, in the memory of the scattered neighbors. To this day, of winter nights, when the sleet is on the window and the cattle are quiet in the byre, there will be told again, amid the silence of the young and the additions and corrections of the old, the tale of the justice-clerk and of his son, young Hermiston, that vanished from men's knowledge; of the two Kirsties and the Four Black Brothers of the Cauldstaneslap; and of Frank Innes, "the young fool advocate," that came into these moorland parts to find his destiny.

I.

LIFE AND DEATH OF MRS. WEIR.

THE lord justice-clerk was a stranger in that part of the country; but his lady-wife was known there from a child, as her race had been before her. The old "riding Rutherfords of Hermiston," of whom she was the last descendant, had been famous men of yore, ill neighbors, ill subjects, and ill husbands to their wives, though not their properties. Tales of them were rife in twenty miles about; and their name was even printed in the page of our Scots histories, not always to their credit. One bit the dust at Flodden; one was hanged at his peel door by James the Fifth; another fell dead in a carouse with Tom Dalyell; while a fourth (and that was Jean's own father) died presiding

at a Hell-Fire Club, of which he was the founder. There were many heads shaken in Crossmichael at that judgment; the more so as the man had a villainous reputation among high and low, and both with the godly and the worldly. At that very hour of his demise he had ten going pleas before the session, eight of them oppressive. And the same doom extended even to his agents: his grievance, that had been his right hand in many a left-hand business, being cast from his horse one night and drowned in a peat-hag on the Kyeskairs; and his very doer (although lawyers have long spoons) surviving him not long, and dying on a sudden in a bloody flux.

In all these generations, while a male Rutherford was in the saddle with his lads or brawling in a change-house, there would be always a white-faced wife immured at home in the old peel or the later mansion-house. It seemed this succession of martyrs bided long, but took their vengeance in the end, and that was in the person of the last descendant, Jean. She bore the name of the Rutherfords, but she was the daughter of their trembling wives. At the first she was not wholly without charm. Neighbors recalled in her, as a child, a strain of elfin willfulness, gentle little mutinies, sad little gayeties, even a morning gleam of beauty that was not to be fulfilled. She withered in the growing and (whether it was the sins of her

(Continued on page 230.)

"WEIR OF HERMISTON."

The Last Story of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

We present in this issue the first installment of this unfinished romance and last work of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The theme is one on which his mind had long been working. He did not, however, betake himself in earnest to the composition till the last weeks of his life (see "Vailima Letters, pp. 230, 231 and Epilogue), and the chapters which he lived long enough to write, and which will be printed in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, constituted, it may be surmised, little more than a third part of the intended book. They were dictated by the author to his step-daughter and devoted amanuensis, Mrs. Strong, during the month of November and the first days of December, 1894; and the last lines were written on the very morning of his sudden seizure and death. None of his earlier work had been produced at such a sustained pitch of invention, or with so little labor in the way of correction or recasting, and the amount of editorial revision which the text has required has been slight in the extreme.

The date of the principal action is the winter and spring of 1813-14; the place partly Edinburgh and partly the wild hill-country about the wells of Clyde and Tweed. (The name Crossmichael, borrowed from a village in Galloway, must not be taken, by those who happen to be familiar with it, as indicating the locality.) The character of Adam Weir, Lord Hermiston, has been in some degree suggested by that of a historical personage, Robert Macqueen, Lord Bradfield (b. 1722, d. 1799), but the plot and circumstances are wholly imaginary.

The story, as published in these columns, will be illustrated by B. West Clineinst.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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APRIL 2, 1896.

The Presidential Outlook.



HERE are apparently more Republicans in this country who are favorable to the nomination of Governor McKinley for the Presidency than rally to the support of any other candidate now in the field.

It is probably safe to say that if the rank and file of the party have their way in the St. Louis convention he will be nominated. One of his main elements of strength lies in the fact that he represents distinct and positive policies and principles. People know precisely where he stands as to the commanding questions of the hour. His attitude on the question of protection especially commends him to popular favor. The people of this country are hostile to a free-trade policy. They believe in the protection of our home industries and the encouragement of our home labor. They do not propose to acquiesce in the subordination of this question to any other. The efforts of Mr. McKinley's opponents to thrust this question aside have, therefore, really operated in his favor. Indeed, we are not sure that their policy in this particular has not been the main and dominating factor in promoting his candidacy in some of the larger States. It was the height of unwisdom on the part of the supporters of Messrs. Reed and Allison to seek to change the issue of the contest at a time when the national industries were disintegrated, labor unemployed, and trade and business everywhere demoralized, as a result of Democratic interference with the tariff system with which McKinley is conspicuously identified.

But while this is true, and while the people are in sympathy with his candidacy, it by no means follows that the Ohio aspirant will be nominated. The very fact that he is honest, capable, and stands for essential principle, may under some conditions be used to his prejudice. The bosses dislike men of his type, and it will be their effort to consolidate all the elements of opposition upon some candidate who, in the event of his election, will be a facile instrument in their hands. Governor McKinley's success will depend upon his ability to control at the outset a clear majority of the national convention. If he can do that he will win spite of all assaults that may be made upon his lines. If he goes into the convention lacking a hundred votes or so of the number necessary to nominate, the chances will be largely against him. This is the plain logic of the situation.

If the Republican masses prefer Governor McKinley, as they seem to do, they should see to it that their wishes find expression in the delegate conventions in so positive and decisive a way as to baffle effectually all the intrigues of his enemies, no matter whether these intrigues take the form of solicitude for a "favorite son," or are carried on under cover of some other pretense equally false and disreputable.

À Political "Trilby."

THE new political "Trilby" draws near its pathetic and melancholy dénouement. Our hypnotized male *Trilby* at Albany, still under the spell of the *Seengali* of the express company, will continue for some time to enchant large audiences and win enthusiastic applause from the eminent statesmen in his suite who play wind and stringed instruments in the orchestra. But the intervals of mental

consciousness and personal responsibility are growing less frequent and briefer. Instead of occasional recognition, the old-time friends are only met nowadays with the stony stare of *Seengali*, or *Trilby's* amiable but far-away and unmeaning smile. Poor *Trilby*! With every appearance to the spectator of being conscious, responsible, and happy, and yet clearly with no will of his own to resist the hypnotic influence of *Seengali*, who parades him in public as his own creation and sings his own songs through him—sometimes the pirates' psalm of victory, and sometimes the battle-hymn of the republic. No doubt there have been times when, in gleams of sanity, *Trilby* has cooled toward *Seengali* and asserted himself. On such occasions one may easily imagine the leer with which *Seengali* would tell *Trilby* what a nice skeleton he would make set up in a handsome glass case in the political museum in which statesmen who had broken faith with *Seengali* were embalmed. This cannot have occurred lately, however. There has been no self-assertion on *Trilby's* part since the Morton boom was launched.

And how pitiful it all is! Consider for a moment the deep political game Mr. Platt has been playing for the past two years, with Governor Morton as his hypnotized subject and willing victim. It was shrewd politics on Mr. Platt's part, at a time when the Republican differences in the New York County organization were making trouble, to lead off in a movement to nominate Mr. Morton for Governor. He caught him early and held on to him. As a candidate, Mr. Morton was unobjectionable. He was more than that; he was personally popular. His public life, if not illustrated by any distinguished service, had at least been characterized by honesty, diligence, and fidelity. He had made no enemies, but many friends. As a stroke of policy Mr. Platt made a hit when he fixed upon Levi P. Morton as his own candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor, and in that sense proceeded to take possession of him. Nor was it an unworthy ambition on the part of Mr. Morton. As the graceful rounding out of his political career he might well be attracted by the prospect of being Governor of the great State which he had so honorably served in other capacities. It afforded the opportunity, moreover, to continue the political activity which he had always so much enjoyed, somewhat beyond the age at which the majority of public men are permanently retired to private life; and it doubtless did not enter his mind that the effusiveness and thrust of Mr. Platt's sponsorship and support might put him under obligations to that gentleman which were liable to embarrass his future freedom of action.

Indeed, as a matter of fact, it must be recorded that all through the session of the last Legislature the Governor acted with fairness and independence in most matters, and in several instances positively refused to obey the dictation of the Boss. Thereby he rendered the cause of good government and municipal reform great service, for which the friends of the cause have not withheld generous praise. His first year's administration, if not brilliant, was reputable, dignified, and in most respects successful. It is a great pity that he could not have been content to continue, and complete that record, retiring at the end of his term with his honorable ambition fully satisfied, and his closing years crowned with the respect and reverence of his fellow-men. Such a programme did not accord with the far-reaching plans of Mr. Platt. The Governor had in him too great possibilities as a figure-head and stalking-horse to be dropped so soon. So into the bonnet that covered the amiable, good-natured, and usually wise head of Levi P. Morton, Mr. Thomas C. Platt popped the Presidential bee. No one but those two—perhaps only one of them—knows the precise time when the bee was popped. The buzzing began, the Governor's amiable eyes grew slowly glassy, and *Seengali* gathered him in. Since then he has belonged to *Seengali*. He has played *Seengali's* game; and it is for that game, and for *Seengali* himself, that the plaudits have gone up which have so tickled the Governor's ear.

All this, we say, is pitiful. It is lamentable. The whole truth is—and every one except the victim of *Seengali's* hypnotic influence knows it—Governor Morton is not now, and never has been, considered seriously as a Presidential candidate. The public know pretty much all the processes which led to the announcement of his candidacy. In some minds they have caused amusement; in others a feeling bordering on indignation that his credulity should be so imposed upon. That the Governor's mind has been unsettled by the buzzing in his bonnet is pretty clearly shown by the fact, now well known, that an article in the *Tribune* about the time the Morton boom was launched, in which the efforts of the boomers to "overcome his reluctance" were obviously satirized, was taken in such downright earnest that he did not hesitate to express his delight to the newspaper correspondents at Albany; and, it is said, even went so far as to write a letter of thanks to the editor. And the "Trilby" play goes on. It is only a question of time when *Seengali* will be counting with a chuckle the bones in a new skeleton in his political museum.

An Incident with a Moral.

Two immigrants recently arrived at this port for whose disposition existing law makes no provision. They are without means and incapable of self-support, but while coming for this reason under the prohibited class of immigrants, they cannot be deported because, on the ground of humanity, to send them adrift would be wholly impos-

sible. They are babies, one a two-year-old girl and the other a boy of three months.

The story of the experiences of these infants, sad as it is, furnishes a touching object-lesson of the kindness and kinship of human nature. The mother of the children, a Russian, embarked with them at Hamburg. At Havre she abandoned them. They were discovered by the stewardess of the ship, and at the request of the captain a young mother in the steerage took charge of them. Of course, the story soon became known on the steamer, and of course too, human nature asserted itself. Everybody took an interest in the waifs. Mothers coddled them, children worshipped them, the cooks prepared special food for the older of the two, and would have crammed the younger with delicacies if they had been allowed to do so. The result was that when the children arrived here, and were put down on the desk of a commissioner at Ellis Island, they were in the pink of health, as fat and sleek, according to newspaper report, as they could possibly be.

What will become of the youngsters? That is a question none of us can answer. But this is certain, namely, that for them, as for all helpless ones like them, there are resources of human sympathy upon which they may rely with absolute confidence. All the machinery of modern society is adjusted to the mitigation of the hard conditions of the unfortunate and distressed. The grand characteristic of the age is the dominance everywhere of the philanthropic spirit. There is no civilized community on the face of the globe where any human soul need to cry in vain for help or the relief of genuine wants. Every possible condition of suffering is provided for in the ample and comprehensive charities through which the common spirit of compassion finds expression. Doubtless there is a vast deal of distress which finds no relief, just as there is a vast deal of vice which goes unchecked, but there is no more necessity for the one condition than the other. Every waif of the street may be educated and trained to a life of usefulness if he chooses; every wanderer who has gone astray from the paths of rectitude may find his way back to self-respect and to cleanly living if he is willing to be led by the hands outstretched to save him; every sufferer who is overborne by the ills that flesh is heir to may have the solace of kindly ministries if he will accept them. Souls are lost, and lives are wrecked, and waifs drift on all the tides of life, not because society is careless and callous, or because its philanthropic agencies are inadequate—not because warning beacons are not lifted on every avenue of temptation and on the brink of every maelstrom of despair—but because inherent depravity is stronger than the persuasive pleas of human sympathy, and men choose, deliberately, to herd with the swine and wallow in misery of their own making.

The Booths and Their Work.



ALLINGTON BOOTH has made a wise decision. Refusing to encourage any demonstration of hostility to the Salvation Army, or any interference with its work, he proposes to address himself to a new and most important enterprise—that "of winning over the artisan classes of this country" to an acceptance of the religion for which he stands. There is no more inviting field for religious effort than this.

Forty-six per cent. of the wage-workers of this country are said to be outside of the church. They do not attend religious services. They are not identified with any of the moral activities which contribute so largely to their own advantage and to the promotion of the social order. For a quarter of a century or more the churches have been discussing methods of arresting this alienation of the working classes. Some have made practical attempts to reach these classes and bring them within the scope of churchly influence. In some few cases some measure of success has crowned these attempts, but in a majority of instances they have failed to achieve any satisfactory result. Whether these failures are due to error of method or to other causes it is not worth while to inquire. The essential fact is that there exists an indifference to the church and what it represents on the part of the great body of our artisans, and that there is to-day no more important problem awaiting solution in our populous communities than that of overcoming this unfortunate condition. It is a problem which involves not only the highest spiritual interests, but the welfare of the State, the quality of our citizenship, and in a large sense the character of our government and our law.

Whether the Ballington Booths can solve this problem is yet to be seen. But it is at least safe to say that, judging by what they have achieved in the past, and taking into account their intelligent and practical understanding of the elements of the situation with which they have to do, the probabilities are, very decidedly, that they will be vastly more successful than other workers of less intelligence and wisdom have proved to be in this particular field. They have been for years in intimate touch and contact with it. They have not only investigated conditions but have fathomed causes. Then—and this is a very important consideration—the sincerity and genuineness of their interest in the class to which they propose to address themselves will not

be questioned. They will have no antagonisms to overcome, no prejudices to subdue. On the contrary, they will be heard with respect, and thus their message will command attention if it does not awaken sympathy. They will have an advantage, too, in the fact that in their propaganda they will not be burdened by the artificial social distinctions which constitute a barrier to real unity and effectiveness of effort in many of the churches. They will carry the gospel to the masses in its simplicity, as the Master did while He tarried among men, and as always, when thus presented, it will impress more or less sensibly those who hear.

There are none who will not watch with interest this new departure along the lines of religious work, and there are very many who will follow it with prayerful solicitude and active sympathy.

Mr. Depew's Humor.

MR. DEPEW has many a time roused the mirth of admiring audiences by his delightful humor, but nothing he has ever done has brought a broader grin to the faces of his countrymen, or more strikingly illustrated the fertility of his resources as a humorist than the publication of his recent statement rehearsing the eminent qualifications of Governor Morton for the Presidency. As a piece of natural, irresistible humor this performance is absolutely unapproachable. What could be more delicious, for example, than his statement that Governor Morton is "pre-eminently" qualified for the executive office; that he is a conspicuously "admirable product of American liberty and opportunity," and that as Governor of the Empire State he has "shown the highest executive qualities"? No man other than Mr. Depew could have made this declaration with such an utter obliviousness of its mirthfulness. So far as is reported in the newspapers, he did not allow a smile or even the wink of an eye to indicate his own appreciation of the humor of the statement. Then what a surging tide of fun there is in the remark that if the Republicans wish to be certain of success they must nominate a man who, like Governor Morton, "stands as a representative Republican for all measures and policies which, under Republican administration, have made the United States prosperous, powerful, and rich beyond anything in the history of nations," and not make the terrible blunder of committing the party standard to any such inferior personage as Reed, McKinley, or Allison. It hasn't perhaps occurred to anybody but Mr. Depew, and possibly Mr. Platt, that our excellent Governor fills in the superb way stated the representative character ascribed to him, but this is only another proof that as a humorist Mr. Depew is without a rival.

There has been a very general expression that in the death of "Bill" Nye American humor has suffered an irreparable loss. Undoubtedly we shall miss the peculiar fun of this most genial wit, but so long as we have Mr. Depew with us we shall never lack for humor of the raciest and richest types. He is, Artemus Ward, Billings, Mark Twain, Nye, and Depew all rolled into one.

A Protest from A. Conan Doyle.

"MENA HOUSE HOTEL, PYRAMIDS, CAIRO, February 21st, 1896.
"DEAR SIR—I note an editorial in your issue of February 6th, in which you quote at large from the utterances of some anonymous person who wrote in an English paper protesting in offensive terms against the address which the authors of Great Britain sent recently to their confrères of America. As one of the signers of that document I am disappointed to see that it is made the text for remarks which lead far from that good feeling which we were so anxious to promote.

"On one side you have an appeal for kindness and charity signed by five hundred authors whose names are in evidence. On the other side you have a protest against it from a single anonymous person whose remarks must raise doubts as to his sanity. And yet in your widely circulated paper you quote the latter as if it were characteristically English, without one word of sympathy for or recognition of the large body of educated and influential opinion which gave rise to this absurd effusion.

"This is a very striking characteristic of American journalists when they treat British things—that they almost invariably mistake the exception for the rule. We see it in this case in a very marked form, where five hundred responsible men are put aside while prominence is given to the vaporing of one irresponsible one. But it extends to the whole subject. One foolish word or insane action is given a prominence in your newspapers which obscures entirely the thoughts and deeds of the vast majority of the nation. To take a trivial example, the use of the eye-glass, which has arisen from the regulation in the British army forbidding officers to wear spectacles, has been drawn and described and caricatured until one would believe that no male inhabitant of the British Islands was without one.

"I can assure our friends in America that the instincts of the two countries are very similar, and that if ever you see an offensive person of British origin upon your side of the water, instead of setting him down as a type of his nation, you would be much nearer the mark if you said that the man would be looked upon as a cad in London also. A free nation, with free speech and a free press, will always develop persons who do and say singular things—but it is important on both sides of the Atlantic to prevent these cranks from posing as representative men.

"Yours faithfully, A. CONAN DOYLE."

Dr. Doyle has certainly put upon the editorial remarks to which he objects an interpretation which is altogether unwarranted. So far from quoting the writer in the *Spectator* as "characteristically English," and as expressing the real sentiment of British authors, we spoke of him as an insignificant person who had "seized the opportunity to bring himself before the public by coarse and vulgar abuse of the United States," and the whole drift and meaning of our remarks was that his performance was too obviously the freak of a lunatic to be taken at all seriously. Dr. Doyle is mistaken, too, in declaring that it is the settled habit of American journalists to misjudge the English people and accept individual acts of hostility as expressive of

a national feeling. In this Venezuelan matter our newspapers have been at special pains to state the real opinions of Englishmen, and they have been in a much larger sense just and fair in their presentations of the English case than English journals have been in their treatment of the American contention. While only partial and very incomplete statements of the American position as to monarchical intrusions on this continent, and as to the desirableness of arbitrating the Venezuelan boundary dispute, have been published in England, American readers have been made familiar with every publication issued by the British government, and there has been no attempt whatever to give undue prominence to the inflammatory utterances or exasperating acts of foolish or bloodthirsty Britons. That there were Britons of this class is very clearly attested by the protest of the British authors—a protest which was accepted in this country at its true value and as expressing the real underlying feeling, not only of the literary class, but of the great body of intelligent Englishmen.

The Great Department Stores.

ONE of the most familiar developments of these modern times is the great department store. It is found in every city, and in almost all the towns of any business importance it is making its way. It necessarily arouses the hostility of the small shop-keepers, and it interferes materially with the trade of the merchant who handles a specialty. There is no telling how far it will reach. It takes in almost anything and everything now, and each year adds another department. The furnishing of the house, the clothing of all the family, the equipment of the office and the work-shop in all their details are included, and some of the stores have gone into the grocery and provision trade, while others have tobacco and liquor annexes. One of the department merchants in an adjoining city sold horses by the pound. In London the best known of the department stores advertises all the year round "cheap funerals."

There is pathos in the lives of the small dealers who are crowded out by this overpowering competition. Their lives are independent; they are self-respecting, and they feel the full privilege of being their own bosses. They may not make fortunes, but they live within their incomes and no class of people in a city better unite the virtues of good citizens, or contribute, according to their abilities, more to the religious and charitable institutions and the general good of the community. They have happy homes and they have given to the country many of its best men and women.

But it so happens that the very form of monopoly which is crushing out many of these small establishments and compelling their owners to seek positions behind the counters of the department stores is due to men who were once small shop-keepers themselves. In almost every instance the millionaire proprietor of the department store began his mercantile career as a clerk in a small establishment. So it is the success of the few at the expense of the many, but it is also for the benefit of the many in another respect, because it is that product of universal cheapness which brings goods down to the lowest price. The tendency to bargain may be called one of the manias of the times. One reason, too, of the success of the department store is that it is a wonder of organization and management. It is a great big machine. It serves the people's needs and it economizes

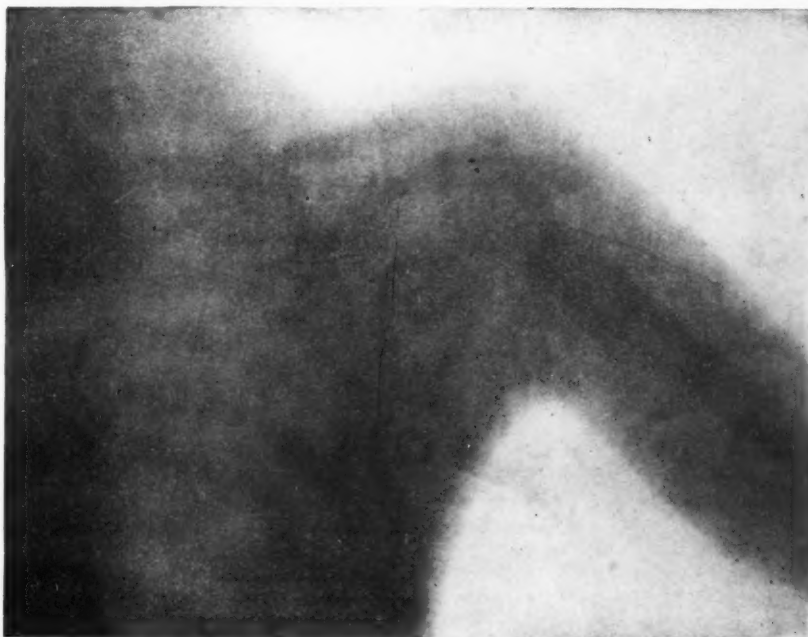
making a great many more rapidly rich at the present time. It is this publicity, generously purchased and ably used, that brings the crowds upon which the department store lives. What it is to accomplish in the future can only be a matter of conjecture, but it is quite certain to do bigger and better things than ever until some physical limit is reached by this kind of business development.

Let New Mexico Wait.

THE bill for the admission of New Mexico as a State of the Union has been favorably reported in the Senate, only one vote being recorded against it in the Senatorial committee. This negative vote was that of Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, who opposes the bill on the ground that the American population is in a minority in the Territory. The objection strikes us as a sound one. There is no conceivable justification of a policy which would build a State out of the heterogeneous alien elements which it is proposed by this bill to constitute as a distinct autonomy. The population of New Mexico is not only mixed and without coherency of language, customs, or tastes, but it is ignorant and, to a considerable extent, actually pagan. Only a meagre minority of the people are even approximately qualified for the duties of citizenship or the responsibilities of government, and no greater violence could be done to our republican system than to admit a Territory thus populated, with conditions so unfriendly, to the exercise of sovereignty as a State of the Union. Let New Mexico wait until it can measure up to the reasonable requirements of Statehood. We have already enough—too many, in fact, of these petty States, which, having neither any considerable population nor any substantial interests outside of their mining industries, are able by combining their votes in the Senate to defeat measures of legislation demanded by the business necessities of sixty millions of people, and to expose our whole financial system to the peril of disintegration.

Tesla on the X Rays.

NONE of the scientists who have made practical investigations as to the scope and value of the Röntgen ray discovery have reached more important or wonderful results than Nikola Tesla, the well-known inventor. A communication from him recently published in the *Electrical Review*, which is the organ of the best scientific thought and literature of the time, mentions some of the results of his experiments in radiography. He gives it as his opinion that the rarefaction of the Crookes tubes used in these experiments may be increased by electrical means to any degree desirable; far beyond that obtained by mechanical appliances. In the course of his experiments he secured radiographs showing the bony structure of birds and rabbits, even to the hollow of the bones. He has obtained a radiograph of a rabbit after an hour's exposure, in which not only every detail of the skeleton is visible, but a clear outline of the abdominal cavity, the location of the lungs, the fur, and many other features are shown. Radiographs of large birds show the feathers distinctly. In another instance an exposure of forty minutes gave a radiograph of the human skull, showing clearly not only the outline, but the cavities of the eye, chin, cheek, nasal bones, the lower jaw and connections to the skull, the flesh, and even the hair. In this connection he says: "By exposing the head to a powerful radiation strange effects have been noted. For instance, I find that there is a tendency to sleep, and the time seems to pass away quickly. There is a general soothing effect, and I have felt a sensation of warmth in the upper part of the head. An assistant independently confirmed the tendency to sleep and a quick lapse of time. Should these remarkable effects be verified by men with keener sense of observation, I shall still more firmly believe in the existence of material streams penetrating the skull. Thus it may be possible, by these strange appliances, to project a suitable chemical into any part of the body." He declares it to be already "demonstrated beyond any doubt that small metallic objects or bony or chalky deposits can be infallibly detected in



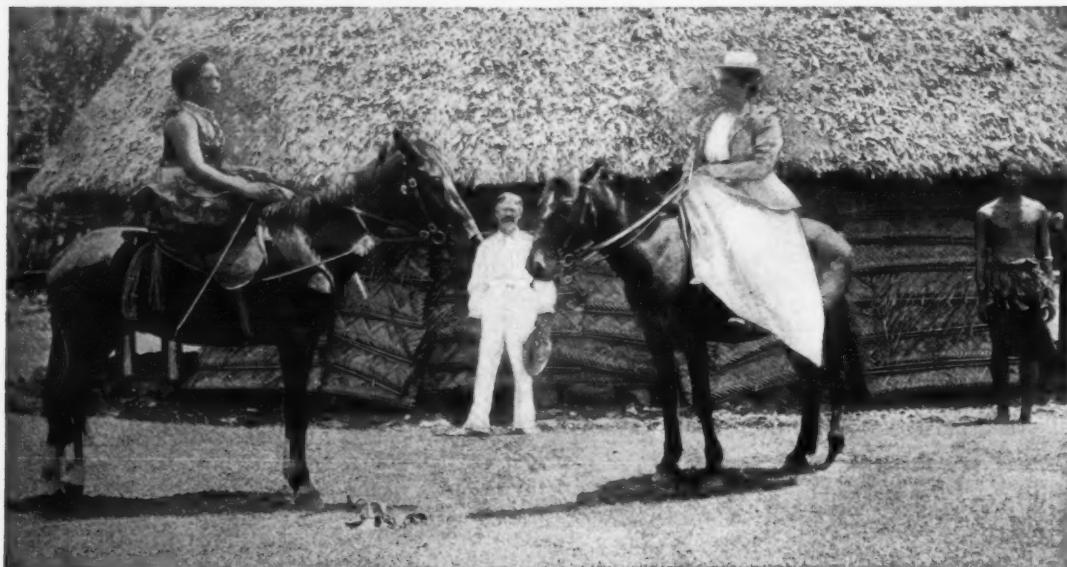
A TESLA RADIOGRAPH OF THE RIGHT SHOULDER OF A MAN, SHOWING THE RIBS AND THE BONES OF THE SHOULDER AND UPPER-ARM.

any part of the living human body."

The illustration given herewith depicts one of the most remarkable of the Tesla radiographs. It shows the right shoulder of a man, taken through his clothing, a plate of glass three-sixteenths of an inch thick, and a thickness of wood of fully two inches, at a distance of four feet from the source of the X rays. The bones of the shoulder and of the upper-arm are plainly visible, but Tesla states that with improvements of his apparatus he will be able to produce much clearer and more distinct effects.

time in that the shopper does not have to go to a dozen places for the thing she needs.

It is another of the many triumphs of advertising. The modern department store lives by advertising. Some of them pay hundreds of thousands of dollars annually and engage the best ability to write attractive announcements until their advertising has become almost a literature in itself. It is a moderate calculation to say that within the past twenty years advertising of this kind has made over a hundred merchants millionaires in this country, and it is



STARTING FOR A PICNIC AT PAPASACA—FALE-TELE, NATIVE GUEST-HOUSE.



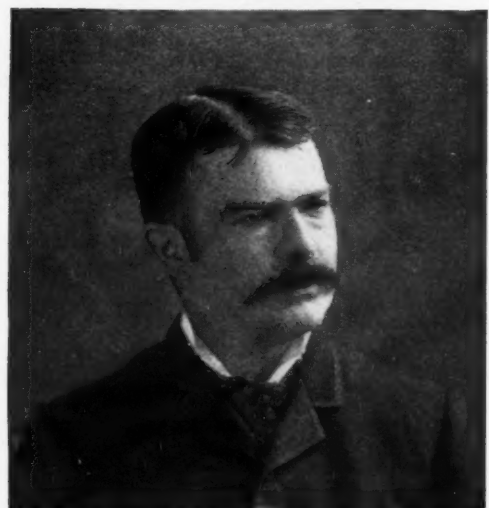
SUEINA, CHIEF GIRL OF SAMOA.



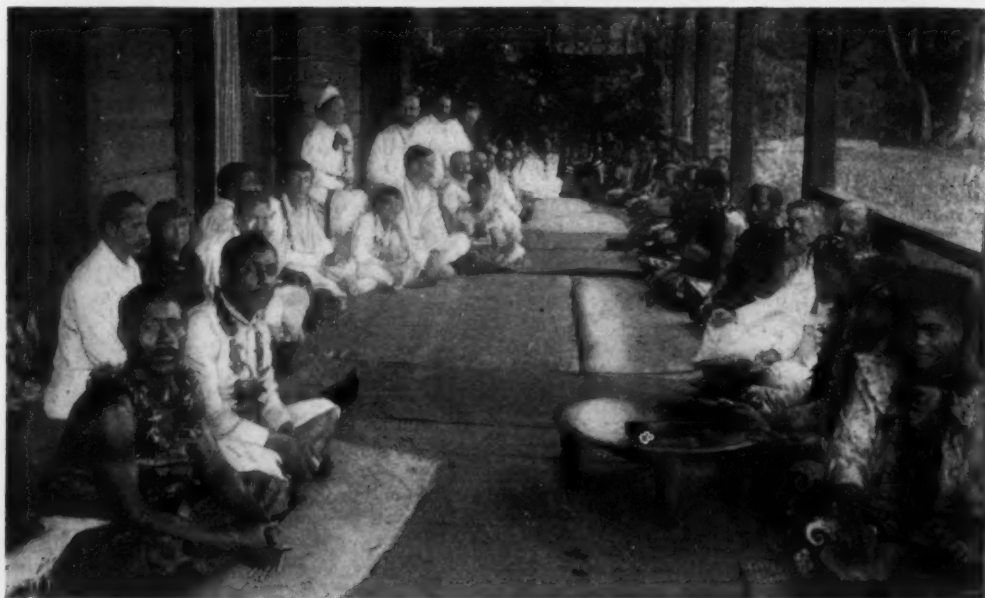
STEVENSON DURING HIS LAST ILLNESS.—From a bas-relief by St. Gaudens.—Copyright, 1895, by A. St. Gaudens.



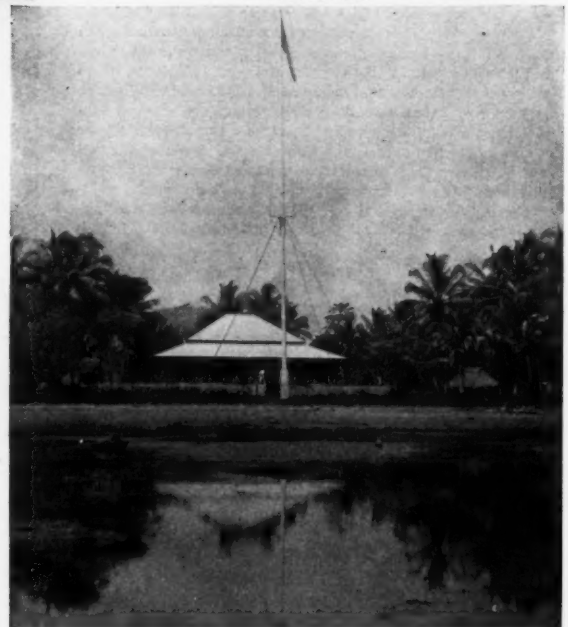
MRS. GENEVIEVE MORGAN MULLIGAN.



JAMES H. MULLIGAN, UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL TO SAMOA.



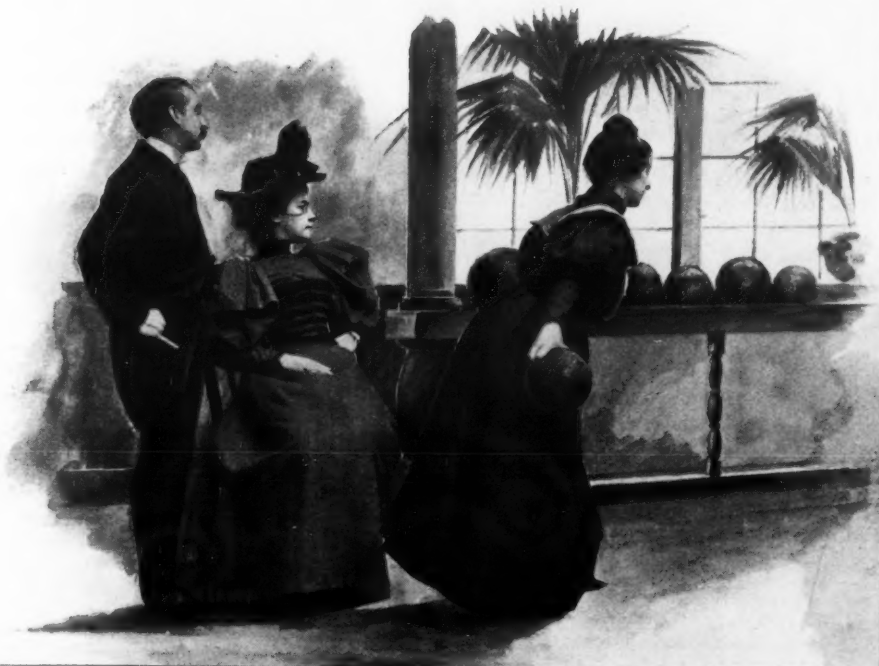
KHAVA-DRINKING AT A FEAST GIVEN IN HONOR OF STEVENSON.



UNITED STATES CONSULATE, APIA, SAMOA.

THE SAMOAN LIFE OF THE NOVELIST, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 225.]



IN THE BOWLING-ALLEY.



A DIP IN THE POOL.



MORNING ON THE BOARD-WALK.



A SUN-PARLOR.

ATLANTIC CITY AT EASTER-TIDE.

sires or the sorrows of her mother's) came to her maturity depressed and, as it were, defaced—no blood of life in her, no grasp or gaiety; pious, anxious, tender, tearful, and incompetent.

It was a wonder to many that she had married—seeming so wholly of the stuff that makes old maids. But chance cast her in the path of Adam Weir, then the new lord-advocate, a recognized, risen man, the conqueror of many obstacles, and thus late in the day beginning to think upon a wife. He was one who looked rather to obedience than beauty, yet it would seem he was struck with her at the first look. "What's she?" he said, turning to his host; and, when he had been told, "Aye," says he, "she looks menseful. She minds me—"; and then, after a pause (which some have been daring enough to set down to sentimental recollections), "Is she releegious?" he asked, and was shortly after, at his own request, presented. The acquaintance, which it seems profane to call a courtship, was pursued with Mr. Weir's accustomed industry, and was long a legend, or rather a source of legends, in the Parliament House. He was described coming, rosy with much port, into the drawing-room, walking direct up to the lady and assailing her with pleasantries, to which the embarrassed fair one responded, in what seemed a kind of agony, "Eh, Mr. Weir!" or "Oh, Mr. Weir!" or "Keep me, Mr. Weir!" On the very eve of the engagement it was related that one had drawn near to the tender couple and had overheard the lady cry out, with the tones of one who talked for the sake of talking, "Keep me, Mr. Weir, and what became of him?" and the profound accents of the suitor reply, "Hangit, mem, hangit." The motives upon either side were much debated. Mr. Weir must have supposed his bride to be somehow suitable; perhaps he belonged to that class of men who think a weak head the ornament of women—an opinion invariably punished in this life. Her descent and her estate were beyond question. Her way-faring ancestors and her litigious father had done well by Jean. There was ready money and there were broad acres, ready to fall wholly to the husband, to lend dignity to his descendants and to himself a title, when he should be called upon the Bench. On the side of Jean there was perhaps some fascination of curiosity as to this unknown male animal that approached her with the roughness of a plowman and the aplomb of an advocate. Being so trenchantly opposed to all she knew, loved, or understood, he may well have seemed to her the extreme, if scarcely the ideal, of his sex. And besides, he was an ill man to refuse. A little over forty at the period of his marriage, he looked already older, and to the force of manhood added the senatorial dignity of years; it was, perhaps, with an unrequited awe, but he was awful. The Bench, the Bar, and the most experienced and reluctant witness, bowed to his authority—and why not Jeannie Rutherford?

The heresy about foolish women is always punished, I have said, and Lord Hermiston began to pay the penalty at once. His house in George Square was wretchedly ill-guided; nothing answerable to the expense of maintenance but the cellar, which was his own private care. When things went wrong at dinner, as they continually did, my lord would look up the table at his wife: "I think these broth would be better to swem in than to sup." Or else to the butler: "Here, McKillop, awa' wi' this Raadical gigot—tak' it to the French, man, and bring me some puddocks! It seems rather a sore kind of a business that I should be all day in court haanging Raadicals, and get nawthing to my denner." Of course this was but a manner of speaking, and he had never hanged a man for being a Radical in his life, the law, of which he was the faithful minister, directing otherwise. And, of course, these growls were in the nature of pleasantries, but it was of a recondite sort; and, uttered as they were in his resounding voice, and commented on by that expression which they called in the Parliament House "Hermiston's hanging face," they struck mere dismay into the wife. She sat before him speechless and fluttering; at each dish, as at a fresh ordeal, her eyes hovered toward my lord's countenance and fell again; if he but ate in silence, unspeakable relief was her portion; if there were complaint, the world darkened. She would seek out the cook, who was always her sister in the Lord. "Oh, my dear, this is the most dreidful thing that my lord can never be contented in his own house!" she would begin, and weep and pray with the cook; and then the cook would pray with Mrs. Weir, and the next day's meal would never be a penny the better—and the next cook (when she came) would be worse, if anything, but just as pious. It was often wondered that Lord Hermiston bore it as he did; indeed, he was a stoical old voluptuary, contented with sound wine and plenty of it. But there were moments when he overflowed. Perhaps half a dozen times in the history of his married life—"Here! tak' it awa' and bring me a piece bread and kebbuck!" he had exclaimed, with an appalling explosion of his voice

and rare gestures. None thought to dispute or to make excuses; the service was arrested; Mrs. Weir sat at the head of the table whimpering without disguise, and his lordship opposite munched his bread and cheese in ostentatious disregard. Once only Mrs. Weir had ventured to appeal. He was passing her chair on his way into the study.

"Oh, Edom!" she wailed, in a voice tragic with tears, and reaching out to him both hands, in one of which she held a sopping pocket handkerchief.

He paused and looked upon her with a face of wrath, into which there stole, as he looked, a twinkle of humor.

"Noansense!" he said. "You and your noansense! What do I want with a Christian fain'ly? I want Christian broth! Get me a lass that can plain boil a potato, if she was a girl off the streets." And with these words, which echoed in her tender ears like blasphemy, he had passed on to his study and shut the door behind him.

Such was the housewifery in George Square. It was better at Hermiston, where Kirstie Elliot, the sister of a neighboring bonnet-laird, and an eighteenth cousin of the lady's, bore the charge of all, and kept a trim house and a good country table. Kirstie was a woman in a thousand, clean, capable, notable; once a moorland Helen, and still comely as a blood horse and healthy as the hill wind. High in flesh and voice and color, she ran the house with her whole intemperate soul, in a bustle, not without buffets. Scarce more pious than decency in those days required, she was the cause of many an anxious thought and many a tearful prayer to Mrs. Weir. Housekeeper and mistress renewed the parts of Martha and Mary; and, though with a pricking conscience, Mary reposed on Martha's strength as on a rock. Even Lord Hermiston held Kirstie in a particular regard. There were few with whom he unbent so gladly, few whom he favored with so many pleasantries. "Kirstie and me maun have our joke," he would declare, in high good humor, as he buttered Kirstie's scones and she waited at table. A man who had no need either of love or of popularity, a keen reader of men and of events, there was perhaps only one truth for which he was quite unprepared; he would have been quite unprepared to learn that Kirstie hated him. He thought maid and master were well matched; hard, handy, healthy, broad Scots folk, without a hair of nonsense to the pair of them. And the fact was that she made a goddess and an only child of the effete and tearful lady; and even as she waited at table her hands would sometimes itch for my lord's ears.

Thus, at least when the family were at Hermiston, not only my lord, but Mrs. Weir, too, enjoyed a holiday. Free from the dreadful looking-for of the miscarried dinner, she would mind her seam, read her piety books, and take her walk (which was my lord's orders), sometimes by herself, sometimes with Archie, the only child of that scarce natural union. The child was her next bond to life. Her frosted sentiment bloomed again, she breathed deep of life, she let loose her heart, in that society. The miracle of her motherhood was ever new to her. The sight of the little man at her skirt intoxicated her with the sense of power, and froze her with the consciousness of her responsibility. She looked forward, and, seeing him in fancy grow up and play, his diverse part on the world's theatre, caught in her breath and lifted up her courage with a lively effort. It was only with the child that she forgot herself and was at moments natural; yet it was only with the child that she had conceived and managed to pursue a scheme of conduct. Archie was to be a great man and a good; a minister, if possible, a saint for certain. She tried to engage his mind upon her favorite books—Rutherford's "Letters," Scougal's "Grace Abounding," and the like. It was a common practice of hers (and strange to remember now) that she would carry the child to the Deil's Hags, sit with him on the Praying Weaver's stone, and talk of the Covenanters till their tears ran down. Her view of history was wholly artless, a design in snow and ink: upon the one side, tender innocents with psalms upon their lips; upon the other, the prosecutors, booted, bloody-minded, flushed with wine; a suffering Christ, a raging Beelzebub. Persecutor was a word that knocked upon the woman's heart; it was her highest thought of wickedness.

Mrs. Weir's philosophy of life was summed in one expression—tenderness. In her view of the universe, which was all lighted up with a glow out of the doors of hell, good people must walk there in a kind of ecstasy of tenderness. The beasts and plants had no souls; they were here but for a day, and let their day pass gently! And as for the immortal men, on what black, downward path were many of them wending, and to what a horror of an immortality! "Are not two sparrows," "Whosoever shall smite thee," "God sendeth his rain," "Judge not, that ye be not judged"—these texts made her body of divinity. She put them on in the morning with her clothes and lay down to sleep with

them at night; they haunted her like a favorite air, they clung about her like a favorite perfume. Their minister was a marrowy expounder of the law, and my lord sat under him with relish; but Mrs. Weir respected him from far off; heard him (like the cannon of a beleaguered city) usefully booming outside on the dogmatic ramparts; and meanwhile, within and out of shot, dwelt in her private garden, which she watered with grateful tears. It seems strange to say of this colorless and ineffectual woman, but she was a true enthusiast, and might have made the sunshine and the glory of a cloister. Perhaps none but Archie knew she could be eloquent; perhaps none but he had seen her—her color raised, her hands clasped or quivering—glow with gentle ardor.

Upon an impressionable child the effect of this continual and pretty accompaniment to life was deep. The woman's quietism and piety passed on to his different nature undiminished; but whereas in her it was a native sentiment, in him it was only an implanted dogma. Nature and the child's pugnacity at times revolted. A cad from the Potter-row once struck him in the mouth; he struck back, the pair fought it out in the back stable toward the Meadows, and Archie returned with a considerable decline in the number of his front teeth, and unregenerately boasting of the losses of the foe. It was a sore day for Mrs. Weir; she wept and prayed over the infant backslider until my lord was due from court and she must resume that air of tremulous composure with which she always greeted him. The judge was that day in an observant mood, and remarked upon the absent teeth.

"I am afraid Archie will have been fechtng with some of they blagyard lads," said Mrs. Weir.

My lord's voice rang out as it did seldom in the privacy of his own house. "I'll have nonn of that, sir!" he cried. "Do you hear me?—nonn of that! No son of mine shall be speldering in the glaur with any dirty raibble."

The anxious mother was grateful for so much support; she had even feared the contrary. There was one influence she feared for the child and still secretly combated; that was my lord's; and half unconsciously, half in a willful blindness, she continued to undermine her husband with his son. As long as Archie remained silent she did so ruthlessly, with a single eye to heaven and the child's salvation; but the day came when Archie spoke. It was 1801, and Archie was seven, and beyond his years for curiosity and logic, when he brought the case up openly. If judging were sinful and forbidden, how came papa to be a judge?—to have that sin for a trade?—to bear the name of it for a distinction?

"I canna see it," said the little rabbi, and wagged his head.

Mrs. Weir abounded in commonplace replies. "No, I canna see it," reiterated Archie. "And I'll tell you what, mamma, I don't think you and me's justified in staying with him."

The woman awoke to remorse; she saw herself disloyal to her man, her sovereign and bread-winner, in whom (with what she had of worldliness) she took a certain subdued pride. She expatiated in reply on my lord's honor and greatness; his useful services in this world of sorrow and wrong, and the place in which he stood, far above where babes and innocents could hope to see or criticise. But she had builded too well—Archie had his answers pat: Were not babes and innocents the type of the kingdom of heaven? Were not honor and greatness the badges of the world? And at any rate, how about the mob that had once seethed about the carriage?

"It's all very fine," he concluded, "but in my opinion, papa has no right to be it. And it seems that's not the worst yet of it. It seems he's called 'the hanging judge'—it seems he's crooked. I'll tell you what it is, mamma, there's a tex' borne upon me; it were better for that man if a mile-stone were bound upon his back and him flung into the deepestmost pairs of the sea."

"Oh, my lamb, ye must never say the like of that!" she cried. "Ye're to honor father and mother, dear, that your days may be long in the land. It's atheists that cry out against him. French atheists, Erchie! Ye would never surely even yourself down to be saying the same thing as French atheists? It would break my heart to think that of you. And oh, Erchie, here are na you setting up to judge? And have ye no forgot God's plain command—the first with promise, dear? Mind you upon the beam and the mote?"

Having thus carried the war into the enemy's camp, the terrified lady breathed again. And no doubt it is easy thus to circumvent a child with catchwords, but it may be question how far it is effectual. An instinct in his breast detects the quibble and a voice condemns it. He will instantly submit, privately hold the same opinion. For even in this simple and antique relation of the mother and the child, hypocrisies are multiplied.

When the court rose that year and the family returned to Hermiston, it was a common remark in all the country that the lady was sore failed. She seemed to lose and seize again her touch with life, now sitting inert in a sort of durable bewilderment, anon waking to feverish and weak activity. She dawdled about the lasses at their work, looking stupidly on; she fell to rummaging in old cabinets and presses, and desisted when half through; she would begin remarks with an air of animation and drop them without a struggle. Her common appearance was of one who had forgotten something and is trying to remember; and when she overhauled, one after another, the worthless and touching mementoes of her youth, she might have been seeking the clew to that lost thought. During this period she gave many gifts to the neighbor and house lasses, giving them with a manner of regret that embarrassed the recipients.

The last night of all she was busy on some female work, and toiled upon it with so manifest and painful a devotion that my lord (who was not often curious) inquired as to its nature.

She blushed to the eyes. "Oh, Edom, it's for you!" she said. "It's slippers. I—I have never made ye any."

"Ye daft auld wife!" returned his lordship. "A bonny figure I would be, palmering about in bauchles!"

The next day, at the hour of her walk, Kirstie interfered. Kirstie took this decay of her mistress very hard; bore her a grudge, quarrelled with and railed upon her, the anxiety of a genuine love wearing the disguise of temper. This day of all days she insisted disrespectfully, with rustic fury, that Mrs. Weir should stay at home. But, "No, no," she said; "it's my lord's orders," and set forth as usual. Archie was visible in the acre bog, engaged upon some childish enterprise, the instrument of which was mire, and she stood and looked at him a while like one about to call; then thought otherwise, sighed and shook her head, and proceeded on her rounds alone. The house lasses were at the burnside washing, and saw her pass with her loose, weary, dowdy gait.

The poor creature rambled a while in the grounds without a purpose. Tides in her mind ebbed and flowed, and carried her to and fro like seaweed. She tried a path, paused, returned, and tried another; questing, forgetting her quest; the spirit of choice extinct in her bosom, or devoid of sequency. On a sudden it appeared as though she had remembered, or had formed a resolution, wheeled about, returned with hurried steps, and appeared in the dining-room, where Kirstie was at the cleaning, like one charged with an important errand.

"Kirstie!" she began, and paused; and then with conviction, "Mr. Weir is nae speeritually-minded, but he has been a good man to me."

It was perhaps the first time since her husband's elevation that she had forgotten the handle to his name, of which the tender, inconsistent woman was not a little proud. And when Kirstie looked up at the speaker's face she was aware of a change.

"Godsake! what's the maitter wi' ye, mem?" cried the housekeeper, starting from the rug.

"I do not ken," answered her mistress, shaking her head. "But he is not speeritually-minded, my dear."

"Here, sit down with ye! Godsake! what ails the wife?" cried Kirstie, and helped and forced her into my lord's own chair by the cheek of the hearth.

"Keep me, what's this?" she gasped. "Kirstie, what's this? I'm frich'ened."

They were her last words.

It was the lowering nightfall when my lord returned. He had the sunset in his back, all clouds and glory; and before him, by the wayside, spied Kirstie Elliot waiting. She was dissolved in tears, and addressed him in the high, false note of barbarous mourning, such as still lingers modified among Scots heather.

"The Lord peety ye, Hermiston! the Lord prepare ye!" she keened out. "Weary upon me, that I should have to tell it!"

He reined in his horse and looked upon her with the hanging face.

"Has the French landit?" cried he.

"Man, man," she said, "is that a' ye can think of? The Lord prepare ye; the Lord comfort and support ye!"

"Is onybody deid?" says his lordship. "It's no Erchie?"

"Bethankit, no!" exclaimed the woman, startled into a more natural tone. "Na, na; it's no sae bad as that. It's the mistress, my lord; she just fair flittit before my e'en. She just g'ied a sab and was by with it. Eh, my bonny Miss Jeannie, that I mind sae weel!" And forth again upon that pouring tide of lamentation in which women of her class excel and over-abound.

Lord Hermiston sat in the saddle beholding her. Then he seemed to recover command upon himself.

"Weel, it's something of the suddenest," said

he. "But she was a dwaibly body from the first." And he rode home at a precipitate amble with the wailing Kirstie at his horse's heels.

Dressed as she was for her last walk, they had laid the dead lady on her bed. She was never interesting in life; in death she was not impressive; and as her husband stood before her, with his hands crossed behind his powerful back, that which he looked upon was the very image of the insignificant.

"Her and me were never cut out for one another," he remarked at last. "It was a daft-like marriage." And then with a most unusual gentleness of tone, "Puir thing," said he; "puir thing!" Then suddenly: "Where's Erchie?"

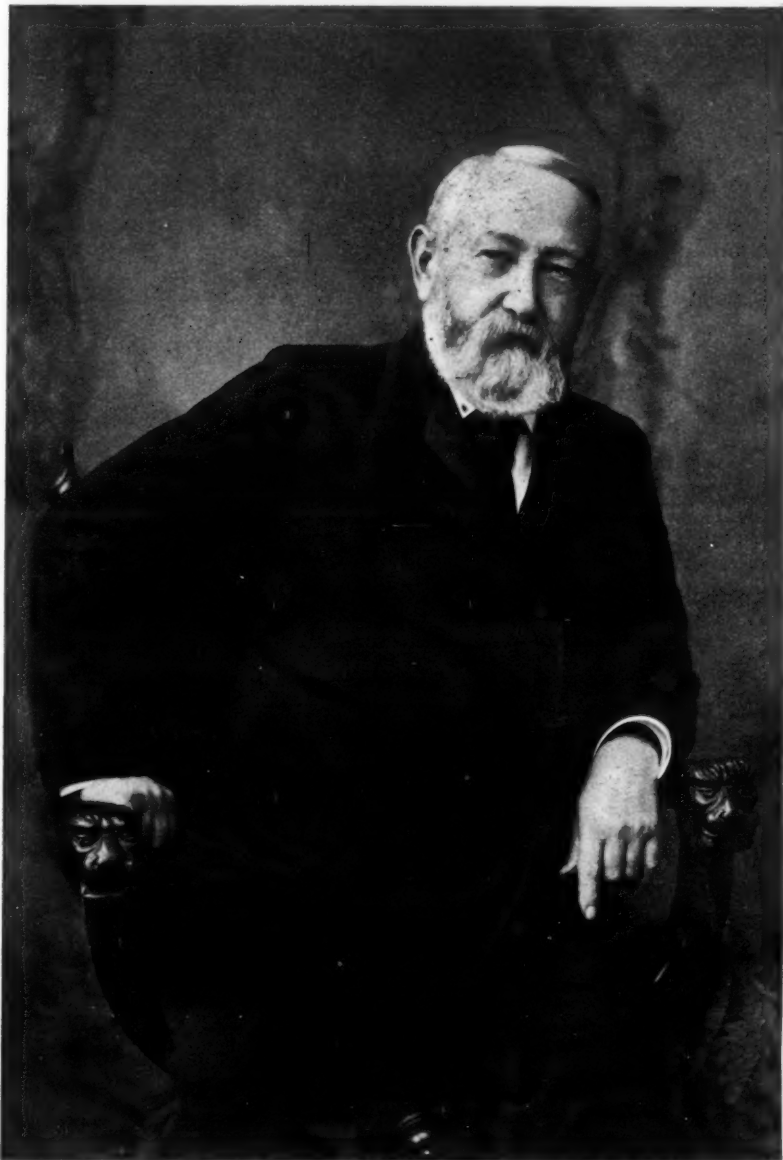
Kirstie had decoyed him to her room and given him "a jeely-piece."

"Ye have some kind of gumption, too," observed the judge, and considered his housekeeper grimly. "When all's said," he

added, "I might have done waur—I might have been marriet upon a skirling Jezebel like you!"

"There's naeboddy thinking of you, Hermiston!" cried the offended woman. "We think of her that's out of her sorrows. And could she have done waur? Tell me that, Hermiston—tell me that before her clay-cauld corp!"

"Weel, there's some of them gey an' ill to please," observed his lordship. (To be continued.)



HON. BENJAMIN HARRISON.—Copyrighted photograph by Gilbert.



MRS. MARY LORD DIMMICK.—Copyrighted photograph by Gilbert.

THE FORTHCOMING HARRISON-DIMMICK WEDDING.

Cupid in Gray.



SHE was sprinkling the rose at the window above,
When the postman came merrily over the snow.
He handed it up as she leaned o'er the sill,
With her eyes in a mist and her cheeks in a glow—
The letter that came from her lover who walked
By silvery seas in a land far away,
And she dimpled and smiled as she gathered a rose
To give to the postman—a Cupid in gray.

In the palest of blue—'twas his favorite shade—
With an arrow of amber confining her curls,
And many fond looks at the little white hand
Where glittered his circle of garnets and pearls.
She answered his letter: "I miss you so much!
I dream of you, darling, by night and by day,
And I eagerly watch for the postman, my dear.
He is handsome and tall, and our Cupid in gray."

Oh, never before in the world, I am sure,
Was a rose-bush so faithfully tended each morn
As that in her window, and never before
Did such beautiful blossoms a rose-bush adorn!
Just the tint of her cheek—such a delicate pink—
Exhaling sweet odors, and three to a spray.
And so there was always a blush and a smile
And a rose-bud in waiting for Cupid in gray.

But it changed on a sudden; the maiden grew sad,
And she sighed to the rose and put off her blue gown,
And she bound up her curls in the smoothest of braids
And appeared like a Quakeress vested in brown.
And the letters that went were not nearly so long,
And the letters that came on the window-sill lay
Neglected, unopened, forgotten, alas!

While she lingered to talk to her Cupid in gray.
The rose had ceased blooming, and out in the sun
The crocus was pushing its head thro' the mould,
And the robin was courting his mate in the tree,
And the skies were a glory of azure and gold,
When the frail little circlet of garnets and pearls
With a letter went over the watery way:

"I return you the ring that you gave me," she wrote;
"For I'm to be married to Cupid in gray!"

MINNA IRVING.

A Gifted Young Actress.

THE subject of this brief sketch, Miss Marie Valteau, is a shining instance of the swiftness and ease with which society women step from the drawing-room to the stage nowadays.

Miss Valteau is in her second professional season, yet, when I talked with her at the Garden Theatre a few days ago, she was playing—and playing well, mark you—*Mary Foster* (Ada Rehan's part) in Sydney Rosenfeld's production of "The Two Escutcheons." Her début was made as *Ruth Holton* in C. T. Dazey's popular thriller, "In Old Kentucky." Ruth Carpenter, who had been playing the part, was suddenly taken ill, whereupon Miss Valteau "jumped in," as the mummer's say, and not only filled the part, but the public eye as well. After that she barnstormed it in the South with a *répertoire* company which put on two pieces a week, and played in almost everything, from "Pygmalion and Galatea" to "Pink Dominoes." "I liked it," she told me, "and the audiences didn't seem to mind very much." She was originally a pupil of Mrs. D. P. Bowers, and during the last year has been studying with a well-known dramatist, whose name, however, she refuses to divulge—probably for fear he will be overrun with aspirants for histrionic honors.

The essence of Miss Valteau's acting is refinement. Nature has endowed her with beauty of feature and a musical voice, and these gifts are supplemented by excellent taste in dress. It may be mentioned in passing that this rising actress is a Canadian, Kingston, Ontario, being her birth-place, and the widow of W. J. Fralich, who at the time of his death was editor of the *St. Paul Globe*.

ROBERT STODART.



MARIE VALTEAU.—Photograph by Falk.



JULIA MARLOWE TABER AS "JULIET."—Copyrighted photograph, 1892, by Falk.



ROBERT TABER AS "ROMEO."—New York Photogravure Company



KYLE BELLEW AS "ROMEO."



MRS. CORLA URQUHART POTTER AS "JULIET."—Photograph by Morrison.

THE MONTAGUES AND CAPULETS ON BROADWAY.

[SEE PAGE 225.]



LILIES OF EASTER.

THEN chill the earth lay, dreaming,
In slumber like the dead,
Nor any seed of grass or weed
Waked to the thrill of Floreal's tread.

And one pure heart, concealed, apart,
Despairing drooped and numb.
Her eyes were veiled from heaven,
Her lips like petals closed were dumb.

Lone as a church where none to pray
Cometh, at morn or eve—
Sad as a mid-March dawning gray,
When winds o'er bleak wolds sigh and grieve.

Leaves that a mummy's hand might hold,
A thousand ages gone,
Sere as the sedges still and cold
By the dull marge of Acheron.

The germ within the dark earth's breast,
That ne'er had felt the sun:
The maiden's heart, in strange unrest,
Whose pulsings yet had scarce begun.

And neither knew for what it yearned,
And both seemed born to pine.
How should the dust of earth have learned
It thirsted for the dews divine?

Lo! like a vision, swift as tears
Of joy on old earth's face,
The miracle of morn appears—
The lily, virginal in grace.

Easter! she hears the joy-bells ring,
Her gaze to heaven turns.
'Tis Easter! and the soul of Spring,
The Life of Life, within her burns.

HENRY TYRRELL,

ARE THE OLDEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD FOUND IN CALIFORNIA?

MEN of science have maintained that the natural life of man is nearer one hundred years than the accepted three-score years and ten. Yet, according to the register of interments in a large Eastern city, which may serve as a sample, the mortality from old age is only about four per cent., the rest being made up of inherited or accidental diseases, most of which might have been prevented. How to avoid this premature loss of life has been a question of interest to philosophers and physicians throughout the centuries. Progress in the matter has been made, as evidenced by the fact that the average length of life in the seventeenth century was thirteen years, in the eighteenth century twenty years, and in the nineteenth about thirty-eight years. Still, not more than one person in one hundred thousand lives to be a centenarian.

Dr. Charles Heinkle once said: "The day will come when a man will not be considered a back number when he has reached his one-hundredth birthday, for the three-score years and ten allotted to man will be increased to twice that number." It is not so very long since a



VICTORIANO, CHIEF OF THE SOBOBO INDIANS, ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX YEARS OLD.

man was considered old at fifty; no one dreamed then of a Gladstone, a Bismarck, Holmes, or Whittier who should in octogenarian days actively pursue mental labors of the highest order.

It is true that, occasionally, an instance of remarkable preservation of the faculties in extreme old age was known. There was the Countess of Desmond, who died in the reign of James I., at the age of one hundred and forty-five, the victim of an accident. Who knows how long that career might have lasted but for this unfortunate *contretemps*!

Marie Frion, a French woman, died at St. Colombe in 1838, reputed to be one hundred and fifty-eight years old. She had lived for some time on goat's milk and cheese, and had shrunk to a weight of forty-six pounds, but retained all her mental powers. Fontinelle wrote vigorously at ninety-nine. Monaldesco prepared a history of his time at one hundred and fifteen. But such cases were few in comparison to those of the present day. Even in the last ten years the average life of men has increased five years, and of women eight years.

Forty-two centenarians were discovered in England last year; of these, twelve were men and thirty were women. We are told by scientists that women live longer than men, and among the various reasons assigned by them for this is the unique one of Tissot, who declared that the large amount of talking for which women are famous promoted the circulation of the blood without over-exerting the organs. Garrulity is, therefore, a healthful practice and may be recommended for either sex. The last census of Chili shows an unusual proportion of extremely old people among the population, there being two hundred and eleven men and two hundred and seventy-three women in that country who have passed the century mark. The age of the oldest—Rafael Munoz, of Colchaqua—was returned to the enumerators as one hundred and fifty. Three others were more than one hundred and thirty, and thirteen had passed one hundred and twenty, while fifty-three women and thirty-eight men gave in their ages as one hundred and ten. A full report of the centenarians in the United States would surprise many of its readers, for the number of men and women who have attained great age is much larger than is generally supposed; and if the old could defy such accidental diseases as *grippe* and pneumonia their limit of life would be considerably extended.

If in Chili the conditions are such as to prolong life, it would seem that California, particularly its southern portion, must be an equally favorable place for longevity. The climate is similar to that of Chili, and the mode of living among the natives does not differ greatly. There are some very old people in this State.

Two great disturbers of healthy life are heat and cold; therefore a climate which is not oppressively warm in summer or extremely cold in winter offers immunity from such taxes on the system. An eminent British sanitarian says that the death rates are smaller in new sites or remote from old towns. The thickly settled Atlantic seaboard, then, is less likely to create centenarians than the broad stretches of the newly developed West. Pure air is an essential, and the region which permits even an invalid to be out-of-doors nearly every day in the year cannot be excelled as a promoter of long life. Premature old age, neuralgia, and "colds" are oftener caused by living in close, hot rooms and sleeping without good ventilation than by exposure to fresh air.

As an out-door life tends more than anything else to longevity, it is not surprising to learn that the oldest man of whom we have any record in the United States was an Indian. His name was Gabriel, and he was a well-known character of Castroville, California, until he died, in 1890, at the age of one hundred and forty-seven. There is now living in southern California an Indian chief, the head of the Sobobo tribe, made famous by Helen Hunt Jackson, who is one hundred and thirty-six years old and has a wife considerably past one hundred. When "H. H." visited California she made a call upon an Indian dame at San Gabriel whose age was vouched for as one hundred and eighteen, and who conversed with the champion of her race through the aid of an interpreter. Close by the walls of the best preserved mission on the coast live three venerable women who are widely known as "The belles of San Luis Rey." One of them claims to be one hundred and twenty-eight, and the others are more than one hundred and twenty. They saw the first Mass that was celebrated in the mission, and helped to erect the mission walls, bringing a daily stint of sun-dried bricks or *adobes*—for the discipline of those days was strict and punishment awaited all the natives who shirked the tasks imposed upon them. They witnessed the decree of secularization and the consequent rapid decay of the princely establishments of the *padres*. Relics of a by-gone era, they appear to enjoy the attention which every visitor bestows upon them, but they are decidedly averse to the camera, and were with difficulty persuaded to sit for the photograph used in the illustration. They were paid a quarter each, but one of them pretended she had not received her money and had to be



THE BELLES OF SAN LUIS REY, ALL OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

scolded like a child before the picture could be taken.

In the Mexican division of the grand *fiesta* procession at Los Angeles, in the spring of 1894, rode Don Ygnacio Francisco de la Cruz Garcia, upright, apparently vigorous, managing his horse with the skill of a *caballero*. No person unacquainted with his history would have surmised that he had long passed the century mark, yet his age was one hundred and thirteen. He is now often seen walking near his home in the city, and is in possession of all his faculties, even that of sight, although at one time he was totally blind. There can be no doubt about his age, for he holds a certificate of his baptism on May 4th, 1781, in a Catholic church at San José de Gracia, in Mexico. He has a son eighty-six years old and his youngest child is over sixty.

David McCoy, of Redlands, in San Bernardino County, is one of the few surviving veterans of the War of 1812. He was born on the 2d of May, 1790, in North Carolina, so will soon be one hundred and five years old. He is

hale and happy, read without glasses until he was ninety-five, and still remembers the events of his life clearly. He attributes his long life to the fact that he never used tobacco or spirituous liquors. Presumably the oldest printer in the world died a couple of years ago at Ventura, aged one hundred and three. Don José de la Rosa was born in Mexico, and sent by President Santa Ana to Monterey in 1843 with the first printing outfit brought to California. There he printed public documents for many years, yet he never learned to speak the English language.

A Spanish lady died in Pomona not long ago whose family records showed that she was born in 1787. She remembered the building of the first mission established in Alta California, at San Diego, and knew when her cousins fought in Spain against the rising Napoleon. She was a witness to the taking of Los Angeles by General Fremont, and lost a son some years ago who was eighty-five. Although he is not a centenarian, the pioneer white resident of southern California—John J. Warner—deserves mention at this time. He crossed the continent in 1831, being twenty-four years old at the time, and has ever since been a respected citizen of Los Angeles. To him belongs the credit of first broaching to the world the scheme of a transcontinental railway. This was done in a lecture at Rochester, New York. The idea was taken up and became so popular that the Federal government had surveys made along the most feasible route, through New Mexico and Arizona; but the breaking out of the Rebellion made it impossible for assistance to be received from the southern country, and the Central Pacific route was afterward fixed upon. Mr. Warner is nearly blind, but has good health and still takes an active interest in current events. Until a few months ago Don Pio Pico, the last Mexican Governor of California, bade fair to attain the age of one hundred. Few men of ninety-four dare to drive alone through the streets of a city, but this Pico did until a few days before his death, apparently as vigorous as a man of seventy. At one time no Californian was more powerful or wealthy than he. His estates were vast and his hospitalities were without stint; but he became involved in numerous law-suits and ended his eventful career a poor man.

Other instances of great longevity might be mentioned. I venture the prediction that fifty years hence the Pacific coast will show a larger number of centenarians, in proportion to the population, than any other section of the United States.

Briefly, if we would live to be one hundred, we should spend much time in the open air, avoid excesses of all kinds, keep the powers of body and mind occupied with congenial work, be cheerful and believe that life is worth living,

For five years the bicycle craze has been a rising tide; now it is at its flood.

It is estimated that there are at least two million wheelmen and wheelwomen in the United States. This, it need hardly be said, is an astonishingly large number when the price of bicycles is considered; when they are reduced to a half or a quarter of their present cost, as they inevitably will be, there is danger that in pedaling humanity will forget the art of walking. But the rise of the bicycle is not to be regretted or decried. It is a step, or rather a spin, forward on the part of society. Gladstone says, "physically, morally, and socially the benefits that cycling confers upon its devotees are almost unbounded," and everybody who knows anything about the subject agrees with him. Probably women feel these benefits even more than do men. The bicycle has been a more potent influence than any other toward dress reform, because a woman cannot ride who is tight-laced or cramped by her clothing. Wheeling along a pleasant road is wonderfully broadening and elevating to women who are compelled to keep their minds traveling a good deal in the narrow groove of things domestic. Mentally, as well as physically, they are benefited. Occasionally a voice is heard protesting against the use of bicycles by women. The writer obtained the opinions of a dozen eminent physicians on the question of whether cycling is injurious to women, and emphatically and unanimously they answered no. On the contrary, they were decidedly in favor of the use of the bicycle.

The bicycle itself, after a long period of evolution, seems to have reached a nearly perfect state. The chief difference between the machines of last year and this will be a slight increase in weight in the latter. It is now considered that a wheel weighing about twenty-five pounds, and certainly not less than twenty-three pounds, is most suitable to the average rider.

Woman in the Business World.

A REVOLUTION has been wrought in woman's position in the business world in the past quarter of a century. Twenty years ago the girls of an ordinary middle-class family in which the father was a small business man, an expert merchant, or a farmer able to support his family in decency and comfort, if not luxury, were expected to remain at home and help with the house-work until they went to preside over homes of their own. A man considered it something of a slur to have it said that his daughters went out to work. Time has reversed the sentiment. A business training is as much a matter of course for the daughters as for the sons, and no one is surprised when the daughters prefer to put the training to the test of practice rather than devote their time to household duties varied with sewing-circles and tea. The latest census reports show that between 1870 and 1890 the increase in the number of women employed in all gainful pursuits was 113 per cent., while in trade and transportation the increase was 1,051 per cent.

In most discussions of this new state of things the fact is overlooked that it is the business woman, not the working woman, in the usual sense, who is the new economic factor. The industrial revolution has taken the old-time domestic arts of spinning, weaving, shoemaking, cloak-making, preserving, canning, butter-making and a host of other employments from the home to the workshop, and the women who once eked out the laborer's meagre wages by home industry have followed their lost trades to the factory. It is doubtful if the change has really affected the relative importance of woman's labor in manufacturing processes.

The dynamic force which has brought about the business woman, the wheelwoman, the college woman, is the development of the idea that woman is an individual, not an appendage; that she has social duties and moral responsibilities as well as man.

The change in public sentiment which induces the comfortable head of the family to give his daughters, as well as his sons, business training or collegiate education accounts for the growing proportion of women in such pursuits as book-keeping, telegraphy, stenography, teaching, selling goods. And this change of sentiment itself is due to the great progress of education and invention.

The new inventions had much to do with woman's entrance into trade and transportation, as the census bulletins phrase it. Until business was done on an immense scale, necessitating a great deal of specializing, there was no opportunity for women. When a salesman in a dry-goods shop had to go from counter to counter with his customer, showing her delicate laces here and heavy bolts of flannel there, woman was not physically equal to the task of selling goods. When the lace-counter became a department in a great shop, a weak-backed girl was capable of attending it. The extension of the railroads, the invention of the telegraph and

control our temper, avoid worrying, and live as simply and regularly as possible. Von Moltke was once asked to what he attributed his great age. "The grace of God and temperance," was his reply. CLARA SPALDING BROWN.
Los Angeles, California.

The Era of Bicycling.

"To buy a wheel, or not to buy a wheel, that's the question," soliloquize the Hamlets and everybody else nowadays. But the soliloquies do not last long, and they have but one termination. The wheel is bought, of course. Greater and greater grows the host a-wheel. The infant hardly out of arms is riding now, and the grandmother leaves her knitting to spin along the road in bloomers. If you don't "bike" you are like the unfortunate man who fell out of the balloon, and this year you will be less in the swim than ever without your faithful wheel, for 1896, Anno Domini, is going to be the greatest bicycle year the world has yet seen.

telephone, the development of the means of transportation and communication, the changes in methods of trade, the spread of education have all had to do with the revolution in woman's economic position.

As yet woman has not proved the success in business pursuits the advocates of unlimited industrial opportunities hoped she would. The apathetic, heartless shirker is conspicuous everywhere. The woman who has gone to the top, where there is a high salary, appreciation, and a chance to be a live factor in the dynamic social movement, is almost an exception. Reasons for this lack of success are numerous. Over some of them the individual can have little control. Woman's under-development in the warring centuries, when, because of her physical inferiority she was regarded as an appendage of the warrior, has left her lacking in self-reliance, judgment, concentration, unable to sink self and family and to take the broad view of the industrial field. Time and the general uplifting and evolution of society alone can make women strong-nerved, self-controlled, far-seeing individuals. Only the development of a strong public sentiment and of a feeling of social responsibility among employers as well as workmen can bring about the first requisite for good work—good wages.

The same force which has drawn woman into the industrial field is gradually removing her disabilities. Her long-neglected faculties are being developed by her new amusements and her new interests. The bicycle is bringing her health and concentration of mind. The extension of political rights and her club are broadening her view. Her wants are more numerous. Her standard of comfort is going up and, according to the economic rule, her wages must follow and her value as an economic factor increase.

MARY E. J. KELLEY.

OUR PLAYERS

Two "Juliets."

NEW YORK has been given an unusual amount of Shakespeare this season. During one week we had "Julius Caesar" at the Broadway Theatre and two performances of "Romeo and Juliet," one at Daly's and the other at Palmer's. Whether or not New York is grateful is another matter; surely the theatre-goers did not show their appreciation by crowding the houses and compelling the display of the sign, "Standing-room Only." This inappreciation continued notwithstanding the fact that the performances of Shakespeare's most romantic and poetical drama were particularly fine and satisfactory—the *Juliets* being notably so. The Montagues and Capulets were gentle-people, and the scene of the play is laid within the precincts of high society. When there is in the players representing members of these noble houses any lack of distinction of manner or appearance then there is a failure, great or small, according to the measure of the lack. There is probably no better standard to apply to *Montague* and *Capulet*, in estimating their mimic work, than this one of high breeding. According to this standard the "Romeo and Juliet" at Daly's is far superior to that at Palmer's. Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew took the chief parts at the former theatre, while Mrs. Julia Marlowe-Taber and her husband were the *Romeo* and the *Juliet* of the Palmer production. Mrs. Potter, we have been told any time these ten years past—ever since, indeed, that lady forsook the ranks of the amateurs to become a professional—is crude in her acting and sadly deficient in the art to which she has given her life and her talents. This was probably true ten years ago, but it is not true to-day; indeed, it is quite untrue, as Mrs. Potter has become thoroughly finished in her art—acting with grace and vigor, reading with intelligence and musical expression. In her *Juliet*, however, the chief merits are the girliness of it and the high breeding of the impassioned child of the play. In these regards it is scarcely probable that New York ever saw a more satisfactory *Juliet*. Indeed, there is no failure anywhere—though to be sure some parts are better than others.

The other *Juliet*, Mrs. Taber, is also young, beautiful, and charming. It is probably true that she is gifted with more of the divine spark than the other lady mentioned, but it is also true that in her appearance and her manner there was less of high-bred distinction. Even though she may have acted with more fire and more effect, this serious deficiency—a deficiency that would scarcely have been noted except for the inevitable comparison with Mrs. Potter—lowers the level of the performance so that it did not rank as a whole higher than the rival *Juliet* across the street.

Each performance had its special excellence, and the real lovers of Shakespearean drama, few though they now be, are not likely soon to forget these very notable productions, both of which had the advantage of beautiful scenery

and rich costumes. The *Romeos* differed more greatly than the *Juliets*, and in the part of the impetuous young *Montague* Mr. Bellew had so much the advantage that a comparison would be unkind. It is not necessary to go into further details as to these revivals, but the poor audiences attracted by them were most convincing evidence that just now New York is not particularly desirous of seeing Shakespeare's plays. The metropolitan theatre-goers of this present year want novelty; they want first to be amused, and this condition having been met, they are willing to stand a little sentiment, a little poetry, a little art. They accept that which they cannot understand—plays in French, Italian, and Cockney English—and congratulate themselves that they are patrons of high art, but that which is domestic by birth or by adoption they sniff at with a fine disdain which would be thoroughly amusing if it were not so awfully sad.

Stevenson's Samoan Life.

THE vital, human interest that Robert Louis Stevenson's residence there has lent to far-away Samoa has been brought to vivid local realization by the experiences of the United States Consul-General to Apia, the Hon. James H. Mulligan, of Kentucky, and his charming wife.

Fresh from that strange tropic land of feasting and sunshine—a very Arcadia—lovely Mrs. Mulligan seems a genuine embodiment of the genial atmosphere whose breath eked out so blithely the waning life of the courageous author-invald. For Stevenson's hand-to-hand struggle with disease and death was a cheerful struggle to the end.

How he delighted in Samoa, and what an idol—what a fetiche the natives made of this big-souled friend!

These simple-hearted savages abound in gratitude and loving-kindness. Indeed, the white man might learn many a homely lesson of them. Just as, out of fond appreciation, the Samoans conferred upon Stevenson the honorary title of "chief," so did they thrust many similar distinctions upon our consul and his wife. Mrs. Mulligan, by admiring natives, was created "Taupou," the highest rank the Samoans can bestow upon a female. Chiefs and "Taupous" rank together, and are so exclusive and august that an individual language is reserved for them. The "Taupou" accompanies the chief in councils of war, leads the native dances and cricket games—the favorite Samoan sport. She is constantly accompanied by her "an aluma," or train of maids-of-honor.

The native acting "Taupou," Mrs. Mulligan's devoted adherent, Sueina, the professional beauty of Samoa, is pictured in her aboriginal state costume—or lack of costume. This costume, a thing of common, or rather of neuter gender, consists of a negligé bit of drapery about the loins made of wood-pulp and called a "lava-lava," a head-dress, and the sacred ivory necklace, the "ula-lei"—a badge of supreme distinction.

It is only in deference to prudish Caucasian prejudice, that the natives ever don any but their own primeval attire. Wearing "store clothes" weakens the Samoan lungs, it is said—although nothing more restricting than the gorgeous "Mother Hubbards" affected by the dusky belles on Sunday ever enters into their sartorial philosophy. The ambition, though, of Lucifer has the mighty "Taupou" Sueina, who scorns all native suitors and vows to marry only a fine white man and have handsome houses and fashionable clothes! So much for civilization's deadly work! Tonga, the chief, has sought her dusky hand in vain, and Malieto and Tamasese, rival claimants of the Samoan throne, now leading the rebellion. Sueina has been educated by the nuns at Samoa. She is a clever German scholar. Her letter to Mrs. Mulligan, written since the return of the latter to her Kentucky home, is a sample of Sueina's English. "Leata-o-le-po," meaning "Shadow of the Night," is the Samoan sobriquet bestowed upon our consul's wife, because of her propensity for sleepless nocturnal flittings at all hours through the consulate. The letter runs in part as follows:

"DEAR LOVING FRIEND LEATA-O-LE-PO:—I am going to write you some few lines in this paper to ask you if you are quite well in God's love, and I am very well, and if you are just the same, then we will give thanks to God because he nurses us all. Dear loving friend Leata-o-le-po, in that day we went to the steamer to take you on board, my mind was full of love and my heart was broken. When I think of you then I cry. I do not help my heart is always think of you because I know very well is only you the Lady who came to Samoa is good and very kind. All the people of our country always talk about you, they always ask about you, and they say you are the only white Lady they know who is the true, high chief in your manners, because you don't choose anybody is just the same to you what is good and is not good. Dear loving friend Leata-o-le-po, when I walk in the front of the Consulate, then I talk about in my mind if you were there you will call me, and if I sit in my fale keke then I look to your house, then I talk about

with my girls that if you were here you will come down and sit together with us."

Yet another of Mrs. Mulligan's barbaric worshippers is Salanoa Muliufi, a great high chief, son of King Mataafa, now in exile, whom Stevenson so vigorously championed. This unique correspondent, in a recent letter to Mrs. Mulligan, addresses her as "Your Highness," and deplores his inability to keep his promise of securing for her a "manumea," that remarkable tropical bird with alleged rudimentary teeth, popularly supposed to be the missing link between *fin-de-siècle* fowls and the extinct if not apocryphal dodo.

Mrs. Mulligan revels in her savage friendships. "See what a touch of 'the universal' great nature has bestowed upon me," she laughs, "since within a few short months, with equal zest, I've gone into a Washington dinner on the arm of a cabinet officer, and sat tailor-wise on a mat beside a barbaric chief and partaken of a native feast."

It is this bohemianism coupled with her fine mentality that marks the similarity between Mrs. Mulligan and that other brilliant woman, Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, the author's spiritual complement, supplement, and ideal helpmate. Mrs. Mulligan's admiration for this couple was supreme. Stevenson's death was almost a personal disaster to her.

Mrs. Mulligan was a centre of the same delightful coterie in Samoa that knew the influence of Stevenson's charming household. And what a brilliant, merry party at that Vailima home, to which Mrs. Stevenson, with her children, has just taken back her heavy widow's heart. She will never return to America, she says.

Judge James H. Mulligan, himself one of the most brilliant and delightful men in diplomatic circles, a cordial, confidential friend of Mr. Stevenson, gives us many an interesting peep into the author's Samoan life. He smiles when he recalls how eagerly Stevenson, despite his feeble health, enjoyed a dance—always being the last one to desist. Mr. Mulligan also says: "But if Mr. Stevenson found delight in any one thing it was a feast, particularly a native feast, with its ceremony, its troops of smiling natives in gaudy 'lava-lavas,' flower-decked and freshly oiled. Their gifts and sounding, stately compliments went to his heart like incense."

The scene in the illustration of the "khava" drinking at the "Feast of the Loving Heart," which Judge Mulligan describes, Stevenson touched upon in the very last of his Vailima letters, that of October 6th, 1894. This characteristic function was in celebration of the release from prison of the rebels against the factitious government whose cause Mr. Stevenson earnestly espoused. It was these grateful natives who built as a tribute to their beloved champion the road which Mr. Stevenson has called the "Road of Gratitude," a more accurate translation from the Samoan, however, being the "Road of the Loving Heart."

His last journey over his cherished "Road of the Loving Heart" was a silent journey whose end was at his sepulchre. Here, borne by simple, sorrowing savages, and followed by only five or six white men, among whom was our consul, they laid him in the spot that he had chosen upon the summit of the steep and lonely Mount Vala, that rises in poetic perspective at the back of the United States consulate.

"Here he lies, where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter is home from the hill."

DAISY FITZHUGH AYRES.

People Talked About.

—ZOLA has told an interviewer that he is not a rich man; that his annual income is only twenty thousand dollars and that he spends nearly all of that in maintaining his luxurious home. His new book, "Rome," is likely to be his greatest success financially, and he has estimated that it may bring him thirty-five thousand dollars all told. He has already sold the serial rights of it for ten thousand dollars.

—In a recent address on novelists at the City of London College, Frederick Dolman said that S. Baring-Gould's "Mehalah," the most successful of his entertaining romances, was rejected by three English publishers, and finally sold for two hundred and fifty dollars. The novel was one of the most profitable ever published by the firm that bought it, and the incident is chiefly interesting for the reason that the mere change of a name makes Baring-Gould's experience true of a dozen celebrated modern novelists.

—Within a little more than a year Justice Stephen J. Field will have attained his ambition of passing the record of Justice Story, who sat on the Supreme Bench for thirty-four years. But even then it is a question whether Mr. Field will retire. He was eligible for retirement both in point of age and service ten years ago, but though he is now eighty, he is in no way incapacitated for his arduous work. His family record for longevity and the predisposition of

service on the Supreme Bench to a green old age are both in favor of his continued activity.

—Millais has always been fond of taking his friends as his models, and according to a London journal the chief figure in *The Huguenot Lovers* is General Lempière, an old personal friend of the painter's, and the young girl a Miss Ryan. Charles Dickens's daughter, Madame Perugini, figures in *The Bloch Brunseiche*. It is flattering to American pride to note that the election of Millais to the presidency of the Royal Academy has attracted hardly more comment in the daily press of London than the election of Edwin A. Abbey to membership. Very favorable notice is taken of Mr. Abbey's triumphs in various branches of art, from pen and ink to oil.

—Miss Abbe Carter Goodloe is a dainty Louisville girl of distinguished Southern lineage, who has awakened to sudden fame in the realm of letters through her recent charming stories of girls' college life. She naïvely confesses to a supreme surprise herself at the great success of her first literary venture. "Just think!" she cries in girlish glee; "the whole first edition of three thousand was sold out entirely in less than two months—and I an absolutely unknown



ABBE CARTER GOODLOE.

author! Still"—in a swift tone of deprecation—"that may not be very much, I know so little about such things." Miss Goodloe is a Wellesley girl, the youngest woman who had ever taken her degree at that institution at the time that she was graduated there. The "*cacothethes scribendi*" seems not to have possessed her until her subsequent "finishing" days at a Paris school, and still later when she returned to America. Her attractive college stories show her to be entirely *au fait* in athletic sports, in which she is something of an adept. Miss Goodloe leaves in May for Manitoba, to spend the summer there with English friends.

—Thomas A. Edison visited Detroit, his old home, for the first time in years, recently, and his chief concern there seemed to be to find John Thomas, the man who taught him the Morse alphabet, when the inventor was a boy. That desire gratified, he hunted up some friends and sat up with them till one o'clock in the morning, talking of old times and new. Among the interesting things he told them were that he rarely takes more than four hours' sleep at night and that when he was working on the incandescent light he engaged a brass band to play in the laboratory to keep his employes awake. To his former neighbors Edison appeared to be stouter, deafer, and very visibly older than they had expected. He had a cigar in his mouth every waking moment of the time he stayed in Detroit.

—Boston, the "Modern Athens," is peculiarly represented in the present Congress, if it can be said to be represented at all. It has two young Representatives, John F. Fitzgerald, Democrat, and Harrison H. Atwood, Republican. They are two of the youngest men in the House, the former being thirty-one, the latter thirty-two. Both are shrewd, hustling politicians and have traveled to Washington via ward,



JOHN F. FITZGERALD.

city, and State committees. The one is in the directory as a dealer in real estate and an insurance agent, the other is an architect. Congressman Fitzgerald, the only Democrat from New England in either branch of Congress, is known in Boston only as "Fitz." As "Fitz" he has time and time again put his shoulder to the wheel, and as "Fitz" he presides over the political destinies of the conglomerate North End, where pure-blooded Americans are but as a handful in the thousands of Italians, Hebrews, Irish, and Portuguese.



THE WHEEL IN NEW YORK CITY—A



CITY—A SPIN ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

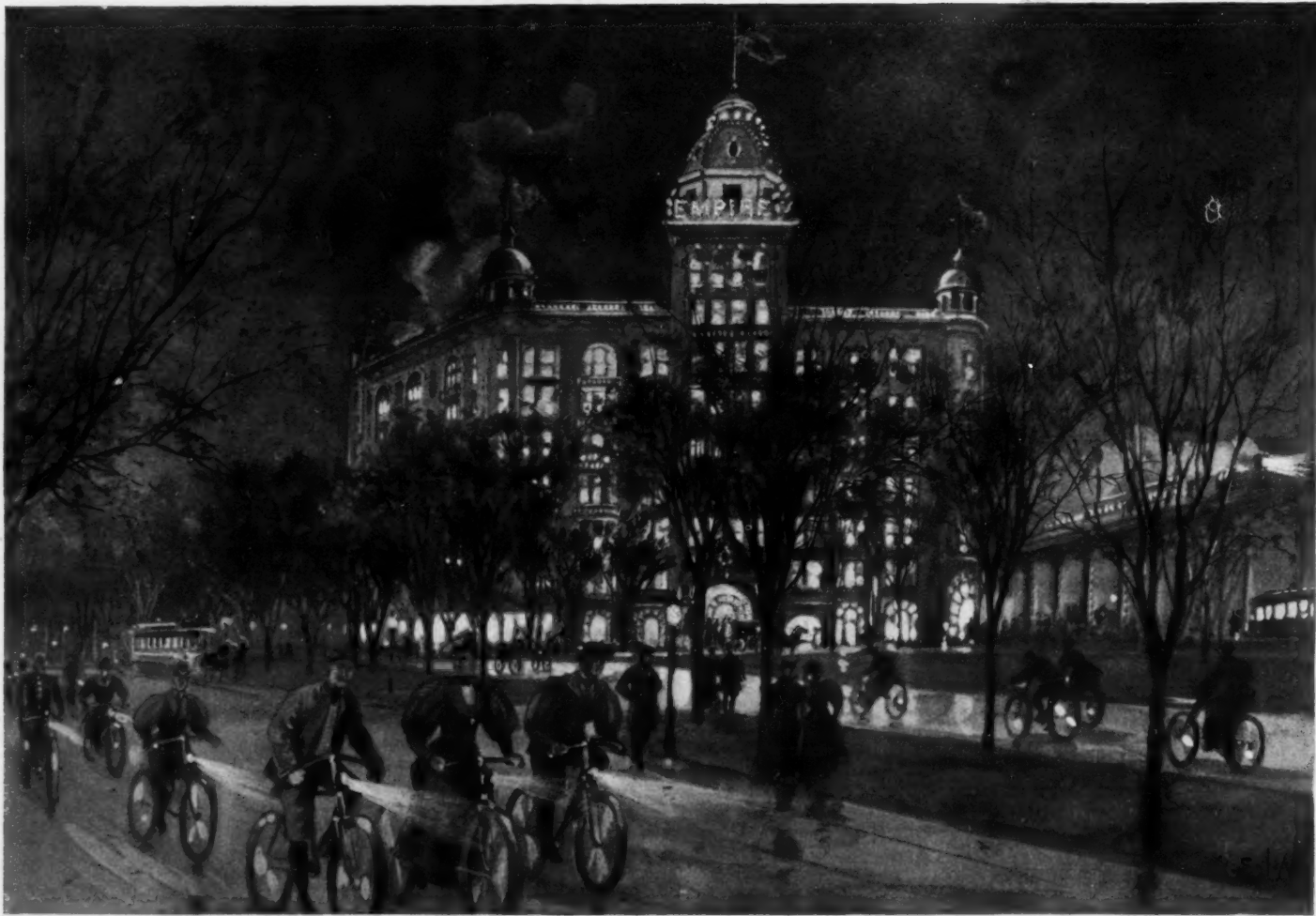
Century Wheelmen's Club.



LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.



NORTH BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



THE BOULEVARD, NEW YORK CITY.



IN DENVER, COLORADO.



THE BACK BAY, BOSTON.

THE BANISHMENT OF FATIGUE.

ONE of the most serious problems of modern civilization is that of which two factors are the rapid pace of life and the limitations of human endurance. A man who would keep up in the race must go with all his might and never stop; otherwise he is sure to lag behind, and be regarded by his friends, before he reaches middle life, as a failure. Then, again, unless his success has been most unusual and extraordinary,

a harmless stimulant, which will invigorate the brain, the muscles, the heart, the nerves, and the stomach, so that the tired worker may finish his task without that dangerous fatigue which is one of the most perplexing symptoms of this *fin-de-siècle* age.

This VINO KOLAFRA is not merely a proprietary article, hoisted into popular favor by skillful advertising. It is the opposite of this, and its

by Dr. N. Hudson, United States Navy; by Dr. James Neish, Port Royal, Jamaica; by Dr. John V. Shoemaker, Philadelphia; by Dr. R. W. Lowe, Ridgefield, Connecticut; by Dr. J. P. Koonse, Lafayette, Indiana, and by many others in various parts of Europe and America. Recognizing the immense value of a tonic made from this nut, those skillful chemists, the Brunswick Pharmaceutical Company, after exhaustive ex-

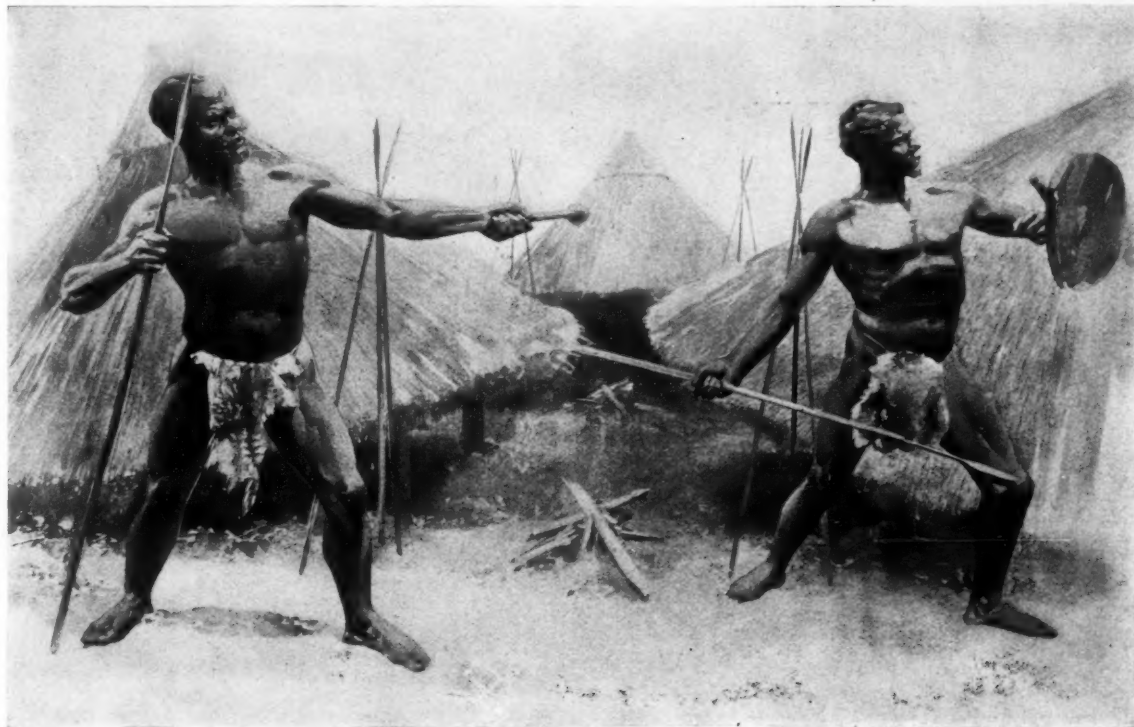
Kolafra. He said that when a man used it he could not train him tired, as the wine appeared to kill fatigue. He found it also an aid to digestion and an alleviation of thirst. "It gives," he said, "staying power. A man can run harder and longer; a crew can row faster and longer. The simple fact is, it adds as much power to the muscles as coal does to an engine. Again, in keeping the pulse even, the heart regular, the temperature normal, the nervous system properly keyed up, it is a wonderful help in discipline. Over-drinking and over-eating are the two principal factors adverse to health with which the trainer has to deal."

Other trainers, notably Mr. William Robinson of Cornell University, and Captain Charles White of the Clinton Athletic Club of New York City, coincide with Mr. Murphy in all that he has said. Indeed, the English athletes who were here at the international games last autumn marveled at the condition of the American contestants. Their training appeared to be perfect, and the result was a long line of world record-breaking victories. The trainers who had the Americans in charge do not hesitate to say that the use of VINO KOLAFRA by their young men was what made the wonderful difference in condition between them and their English cousins.

The use of Kolafra is beneficial in other directions than those hitherto mentioned. It is a most satisfactory antidote for alcohol, opium, cocaine, and the other stimulants to which people become addicted. Dr. James Neish, an eminent physician of Jamaica, says: "For inebriety it is a specific. A single dose will cause all signs of intoxication to disappear in half an hour." That surely is an admirable thing to know, for to many a man an efficacious "pick-me-up" after an indiscretion at the wrong time is invaluable. But there is something better still about Kolafra. It is an entirely satisfying substitute for alcoholic stimulants and other narcotics. The morbid person who feels a desire for liquor or for opium need only take a wine-glass of this new tonic, and almost instantly the desire for an intoxicant or a narcotic vanishes. This surely is a good thing to know, and if VINO KOLAFRA did nothing else than this it would be an invaluable addition to the remedies science and nature in combination have provided for the ills of men.

The world was much excited, a few years ago, by the announcement made by Dr. Brown-Sequard that he had discovered a kind of elixir of life which would make the old young and restore the ravages of time. He announced that he had experimented on himself, and in his seventieth year he had all the vigor of early middle life. It may have been that Dr. Brown-Sequard was experimenting on correct scientific lines, but he died before perfecting to the satisfaction of medical men generally the value of his discovery. While awaiting the results of the investigations of Brown-Sequard's successors, if there be any, it is pleasant to be able to announce that VINO KOLAFRA will do almost what this elixir of life was designed to do, for it is an admirable tonic in strengthening those organs of life which first suffer in the process of decay when a man has passed the meridian and starts down the hill on the other side.

Many chemists in different parts of the world have endeavored to make a preparation from the fruit of the *Sterculia acuminata*, but never till now has there been placed on the market a preparation which any intelligent person can self-administer. The Brunswick Pharmaceutical Company, of 92 William Street, New York, are to be congratulated on their success in supplying to the world such an admirable tonic—a tonic that tones and strengthens the whole frame; a tonic that banishes weakness, whether physical, mental, or moral; a tonic which, when tried, will prove a priceless boon to all of the human family who struggle under adverse conditions against the heavy tasks of life.



KOLAFRA-CHEWERS DEFENDING A CAMP.

the race is not over when middle-life is attained; on the contrary, as a usual thing, with diminished strength, a man must keep on doing tasks beyond his strength and endurance so long as his life lasts. The artificial expedients to which men very often resort when thus crowded beyond their natural pace almost universally do infinite harm and the smallest amount of temporary good. Therefore, when we see a man fortifying himself with liquor or with drugs, we generally regard him with extreme pity, and look forward to his break-down as quite inevitable. But for very, very many of the workers in this busy and bustling world some

virtues have been recognized by the best scientists of the day, after a complete test of its action in given cases. The medical men of the army and navy have been particularly interested, as it is desirable in those services to have just such a stimulant to use when work is hard and exhausting and rations are scarce and irregular. It is interesting to see what Medical Director A. L. Gibon, of the United States Navy, has said of the medicinal properties of the nut from which VINO KOLAFRA is made. In a report to the National Medical Society he said that he "had occasion to use it in the treatment of neurasthenia. The patient was a lady. Her nervous system was seriously deranged; she suffered with excruciating headache, nausea, insomnia, great despondency, palpitation, inter-costal neuralgia, and imperfect secretions. After treatment with quinine, arsenic, iron, bitter tonics, guarana, etc., the symptoms were not mitigated." He then administered a prescription made from this nut with remarkable effect. The headache disappeared entirely, the appetite was recovered, muscular vigor regained and mental dejection relieved, refreshing sleep produced, and the secretions became normal. The remedy caused no gastric disturbance or constipation, as had attended the prior use of chocolate. The remarkably satisfactory results of this case induced him "to recommend the remedy as a nerve stimulant and an invigorating and waste-preventing agent in other neurasthenic cases. It produced its effects without marked excitation of the circulation, and consequently with no after-effects of depression or exhaustion. It is a mental exhilarant, overcoming despondency and brightening the intellect without resultant languor. It imparts tone to the muscular apparatus and secreting organs."

Similar suggestions as to the medicinal value of this plant have been made by Dr. Leon Ernst Monnet, of the Faculty of Paris and Chief of the Clinic Staff of the Faculty of Medicine at Lille; by Dr. Edouard Heckel, Professor of the School of Medicine in Marseilles; by Professor R. Du Bois, of the Faculty of Science, Lyons; by Dr. Dujardin-Baumetz, editor-in-chief of the *Bulletin Général Thérapeutique*, Paris; by Dr. Bernard Schuchardt, Privy Counselor in Government Medicine, of Gotha; by Dr. William C. Wile, editor *New England Medical Monthly*;

periments, have succeeded in manufacturing, in accordance with the suggestions above alluded to, VINO KOLAFRA, which is put up in convenient form, and which is as palatable to take as port, sherry, or Madeira. These chemists have prepared the extracts and tinctures, as well as the wine, for the use of the government surgeons, and the favorable reports that have been made have been based on the results of the use of their preparations. Not only have the medical men who have tried it on their patients indorsed it, but those who have felt the need for some such thing and have tried it on themselves, have also testified with gratifying enthusiasm to the benefits which result from its use.

The athlete in training frequently suffers from exhaustion, and then from an inordinate desire or thirst for intoxicating beverages. Such beverages at such a time retard his training and do him infinite harm. All trainers of experience recognize this, and those who have tried this new wine on their men say that it answers the purpose admirably, preventing the exhaustion and also the dangerous thirst alluded to. Hear what Mr. M. C. Murphy, trainer for Yale University and for the New York Athletic Club has said:

"I used VINO KOLAFRA freely myself before giving it to my men. It acts at once on the nervous system, and in this way braces up the muscles. More, it keeps them braced, and, besides giving the system an immediate lift, improves the general health. I know of nothing except VINO KOLAFRA, besides food, sleep, exercise, and good habits, which can be conscientiously given by a trainer to his men. It certainly is a remarkable drug, or food, I leave others to decide which. I can only speak as to its effects."

Mr. Murphy then went on to enumerate the benefits which resulted from the use of VINO



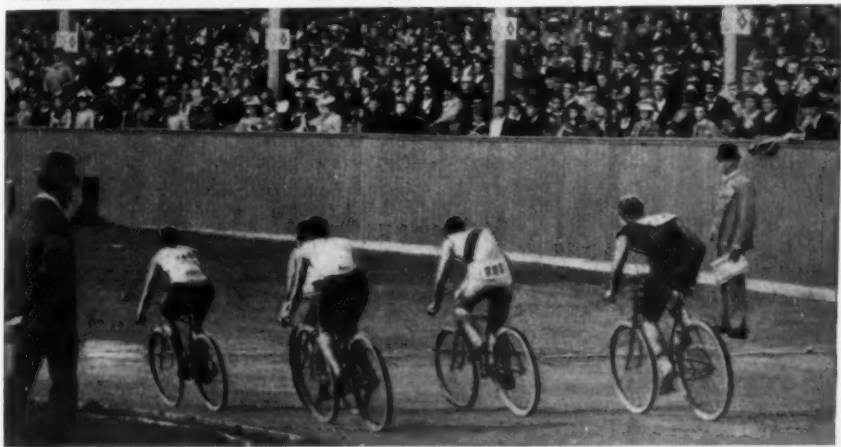
ATHLETES RUNNING.

kind of stimulant is, at times at least, absolutely required. The difficulty has been to find a stimulant which serves its purpose without any ill effects, and the taking of which does not become a fixed and pernicious habit. It is the purpose of this article to show that such a stimulant has been found, and to convey, at the same time, the gratifying intelligence that this stimulant is now easily and cheaply accessible to all who may feel the need of it.

Sojourners in the West Indies and travelers in Africa long ago remarked that the natives who chewed the nut of the *Sterculia acuminata* tree were able to perform great feats of endurance with little food and without injury or inconvenience to themselves. The quite natural inference was that this nut had some unusual virtue, and so scientists and medical men with a taste for original research have experimented with it in its natural state, and with extracts and tinctures made from it. This has resulted in the introduction of that stimulant, the need of which was spoken of in the preceding paragraph. Now, any one who will take the trouble to buy a bottle of this VINO KOLAFRA will obtain

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A TWO-MILE BICYCLE RACE.



PUTTING HER BEST FOOT FORWARD.

MR. BIKEMAN. "There, Miss Wheeler, thanks to Brown's Shoe Dressing, no one would imagine that you had just taken a twenty-mile spin over a dusty road. Wait until I dress my own shoes, and then we can go on into town."

MISS WHEELER. "Well! That is an improvement. Hereafter, Brown's Shoe Dressing shall be as much a part of my outfit as a wrench or an oil-can."

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

The Foot-ball Conference.

REPRESENTATIVES of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, and the University of Pennsylvania, who form the foot-ball conference committee on rules, will meet at the University Athletic Club, March 28th, with power to act. At their meeting March 13th only an informal talk resulted, as the delegates had failed to bring with them the powers of representation.

The first meeting organized with Walter Camp, of Yale, as chairman, and the discussion which followed was directed principally to needed reforms in the present method of making a fair catch, as also the rules which have to do with the number and the duties of the officials.

In the Harvard-Princeton game last fall it was agreed that a player after catching must touch the ball to the ground if he desired to run. This act gave to an opponent the right to tackle. Otherwise the catcher could not be molested in any way under penalty of a foul.

The rule improvised for the game in question worked very well, and it seems probable that the conference will adopt it. The delegates to a man believe that it is best suited to guard against unnecessary rough play, which has been its chief characteristic in the past.

It is likely that the question in regard to the number of officials will develop an argument. While one delegate will favor one umpire, another may persist in the contention that two umpires are absolutely necessary in judging thoroughly the doings of the players.

I must myself confess to the decided opinion that inasmuch as it is a physical impossibility for even two men to watch twenty-two men and lose sight of nothing, at least two umpires should be on the field, and the referee and linesmen should further be empowered to point out cases of infringement of those rules, the enforcement of which falls to the share of an umpire.

As to the formation of the teams relative to mass and flying-wedge plays, another difference of opinion will arise; but an agreement will

be quite easily reached, inasmuch as the delegates representing Yale, Princeton, and Cornell, together with Paul Dashiell, who will attend as the experienced official of many championship matches, are in favor of making such plays impossible.

For the good of the game they should be made impossible. At the same time every effort should be directed toward the development of a free, open running and kicking game.

The conference will undoubtedly accomplish one great good, and that is the establishment of a code which will be recognized universally. If the meeting should result in inaugurating a mutual and peaceful understanding between the big colleges they will have accomplished something for which every one interested in the healthful growth of university sports will be devoutly thankful.

YALE'S CHANCES AT HENLEY GOOD.

According to Mr. Charles S. Francis, who stands, as a Cornell graduate, in the same relation to rowing at the Ithaca university as Robert J. Cook does at Yale, the defeated Cornell eight made the fatal mistake of remaining too long at Henley before the regatta. This opinion is particularly valuable from the fact that Mr. Francis went over with the Cornell crew and remained with them, as adviser, to the end.

Assured that Yale has excellent material for a 'varsity crew, and believing that she will benefit by the experiences of the Cornell oarsmen, Mr. Francis thinks, so I am informed on most excellent authority, that the representatives of "Old Eli" will win the Grand Challenge cup in England's greatest aquatic event.

The writer believes as Mr. Francis does, and furthermore thinks it would be a wise thing, indeed, for Yale coaches to arrange for some serious talks with Mr. Francis before their departure for England on June 6th.

He could give no end of good advice and hints by the bushel, all the products of experience. He might tell them, for instance, that the English climate is enervating, and that the greatest of care must be observed in working a crew, in order that the frequent and sudden changes in the weather from hot to cold may not induce a staleness which renders a man unfit for work at all, much less for a race. And he might emphasize the point by telling of the Cornell crew's experience, which, with little

hard work on the water, were "mowed down" by the weather.

Mr. Francis might further tell Yale men that even English crews, who are accustomed to such weather, fight shy of any stay at Henley over brief periods, say of three to five days before a particular race. Then, again, Cornell's teetotal diet system might be alluded to as a wrong one, and the fact exploited that English crews, after years of experience, are firm in the belief that stimulants in moderation are a necessary guard, in such a climate as theirs, against staleness.

Then it might be argued that if English oarsmen found that an ounce of prevention in the shape of moderate drinking—at meals, of course—was worth a pound of cure in fighting a fickle malarial climate, then so much more would it be necessary for a foreign crew, not used to the climate at all, to include a moderate amount of stimulants in its training.

Furthermore it might be pointed out that change of diet is not a serious question if properly considered. In this respect it is only necessary to remember the cast-iron rule observed by all who travel a great deal, that seasonings and other things which induce an artificial thirst are to be avoided, and those vegetables which contain a large percentage of water given a prominent place on the daily menu.

In the opinion of many experts in judging a crew's speed, Cornell, for the first two weeks after their arrival at their quarters at Henley, could row faster than any other crew entered in the regatta. A residence of five weeks, however, on the Thames, which is admittedly malarial in its climate, together with evils resulting in a failure to include stimulants in the dietary of the crew, resulted in a physical enervation that rendered the chances of success small indeed.

Yet what does history say of Cornell's defeat? First, they paddled to the start in a crippled condition, and for the powerful reasons above cited, after which they maintained, up to the mile post, or during seventeen hundred and sixty yards of the total distance of the course, twenty-three hundred and ten yards—more than three fourths of the way, mind—a lead over their opponents.

When we stop to consider, in the light of such a showing, that they rowed in the wind on the Berks side of the course, the other or Bucks

side of the river being sheltered by the fleet of densely-packed house-boats, their performance showed only too plainly that, far from being outclassed, they were really, physical and weather conditions otherwise being the same for both, the superiors of their English opponents.

It is only necessary to grant that Yale men can row as well as Cornell to see that Yale, profiting by Cornell's experience, should have a most excellent chance of winning the Grand Challenge cup.

The veteran oarsman, Ellis Ward, who is coaching the University of Pennsylvania crew, recently expressed this opinion on Yale's chances:

"I think the blue has a very good chance of winning the Grand Challenge cup. Mr. Cook is familiar with the English system of rowing, and Yale will also benefit by Cornell's experience. Courtney made the mistake of working his men too hard. They were in training six months before going to England, and then rowed under the watch until the day of the race. It is no wonder they went stale. Yale men will be very careful about their training, and I believe they are just as good oarsmen as any they will meet on the other side. I want to see them win, and I believe they will."

That this opinion is shared generally by Yale's graduate rowing advisers and coaches is certain, although Dr. Bolton, for instance, is inclined to express misgivings as to the chances of winning.

Dr. Bolton has said, in support of this opinion, that the greater average age and experience of the English crew men, and thorough knowledge of the course, constitute an enormous obstacle to surmount.

But does Dr. Bolton really believe *firmly* in the seriousness of this handicap? I am inclined to think not. On the contrary, I believe him no less sanguine of success than is "Bob" Cook.

From the fact that the crew to row at Henley is even now practically decided upon, it will be a matter of a few weeks only when something decided may be written on their chances. They are even now on the water, and in short order will be showing what they can do over a measured course.

W. F. Buller



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Pabst..... Malt Extract

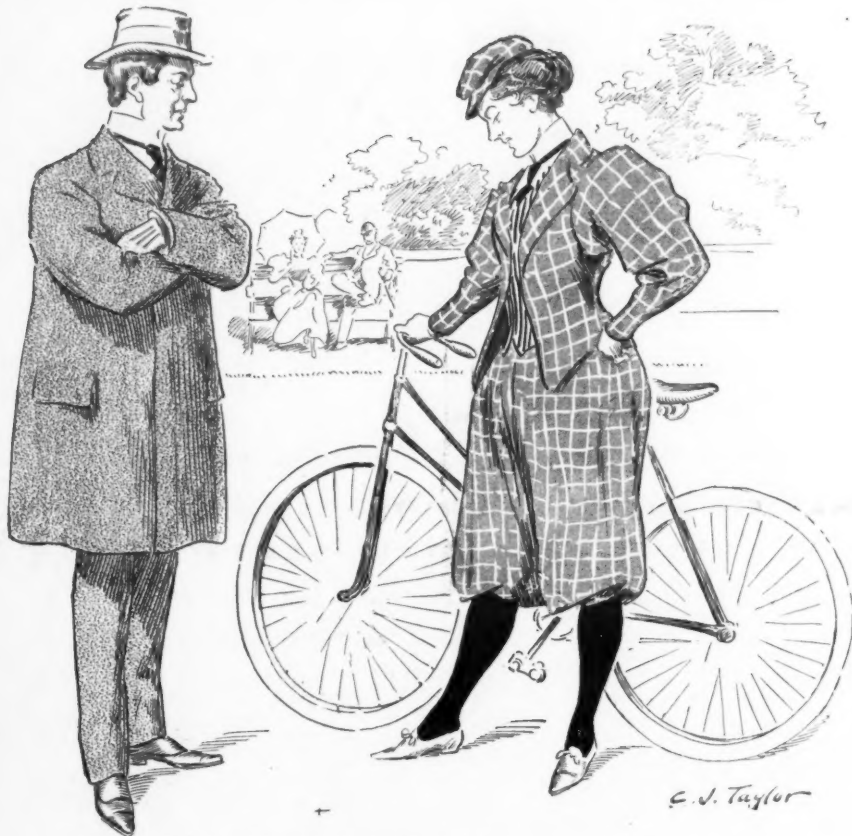
will brace, build. Give vim and bounce. Get it and thus take your own advice.

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PABST HAS MADE IT SO.



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IT MADE THE MACHINE TIRED.

THE FAT ONE—"That doctor of mine didn't know what he was talking about when he told me to ride a wheel."—Judge.

THE "BIKE" AS TREATED BY THE FOUR FUNNY PAPERS (LIFE, TRUTH, PUCK, AND JUDGE).




THE MERMAID'S TAIL OF WOE.

MERMAID—"Oh, dear! I do wish I could wear bloomers like the other girls."—Copyrighted by Truth Publishing Company.



THE LEAN ONE—"My doctor recommended bicycling to increase my weight."

THE STOUT ONE—"And my doctor recommended it to me to reduce mine."—Copyrighted by Life Publishing Company.




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W. J. ARKELL.



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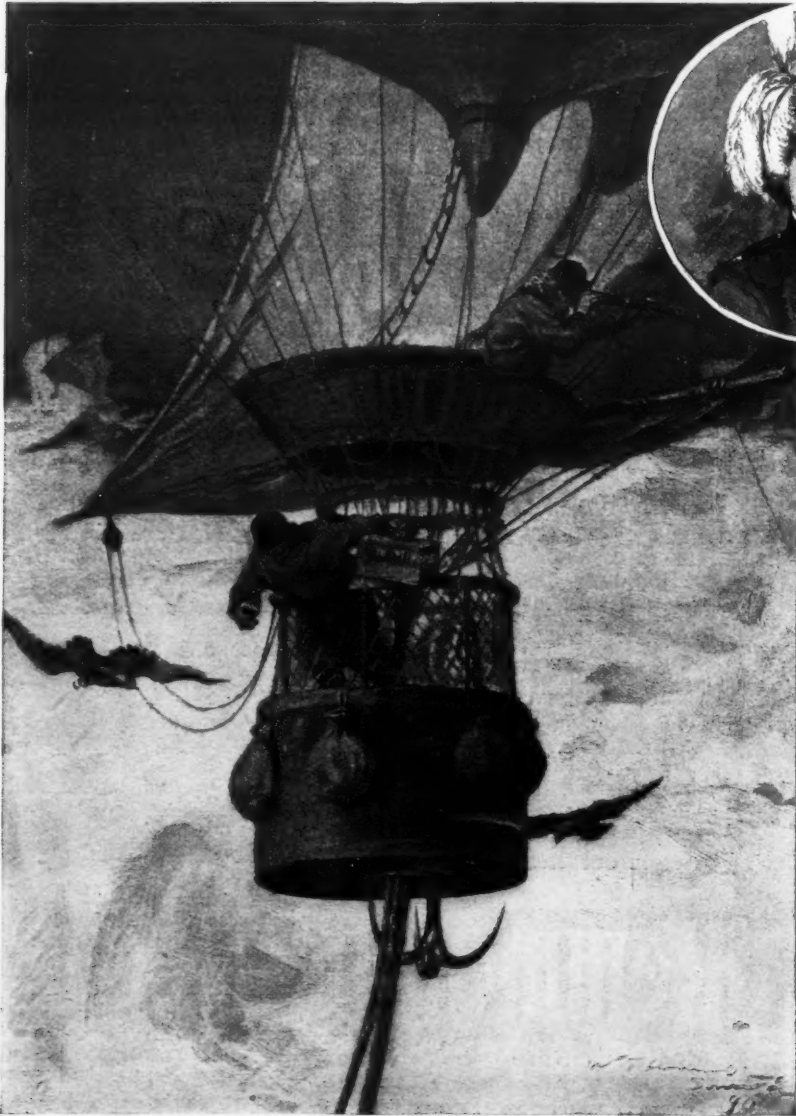
Gentlemen:

In response to your favor of the 7th inst. we have pleasure in saying that we are now using your various inks on our periodicals and miscellaneous books, and that such inks are, in general, highly satisfactory. We can, therefore, unhesitatingly commend their use to the trade generally and to such, in particular, as aim at art work from the printer's standpoint.

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GENERAL ANTONIO BALDISSERA, NEW COMMANDER OF THE ITALIAN TROOPS IN ABYSSINIA.—*Illustrated London News.*



THE BALLOON IN WHICH HERR S. A. ANDRÉE PROPOSES TO REACH THE NORTH POLE FROM THE NORSK ISLANDS, SPITZBERGEN.—*London Graphic.*



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Mrs. Wiffles—"Susie Dimling twenty! Susie Dimling will never see twenty again if she lives to be eighty."—Judge.

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The tours will leave New York and Philadelphia April 24 and 25d, and May 14th, 1896.

The rate, including transportation and two days' accommodations at Washington's best hotels, is \$13.50 from New York, \$11.50 from Philadelphia, \$13.25 from Reading, and proportionate rates from other points; \$14.50 from New York, including meals en route.

Detailed itineraries will be sent on application to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Room 411, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

Do you know that the Lehigh Valley Railroad is the best line to Wilkesbarre, Geneva, Ithaca, Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls, through the picturesque Lehigh, Wyoming, and Susquehanna valleys?

HAVE you ever tried the Lehigh Valley Railroad's dining car service? The appointments are elegant; every dish is a revelation of gastronomic art, and the service is à la carte, you only paying for what you order.

It would be idle to attempt to prove the popularity of the Sohmer Piano. Every child in the United States and Canada knows the Sohmer.

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, Angostura Bitters will surely cure you.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

TIME IS MONEY!

SAVE IT BY TAKING THE



"The Overland Limited!"

Only Three Days Chicago to California.

Through Pullman Palace Drawing-Room Sleepers and Dining Cars, daily, Chicago to San Francisco, Composite Buffet Smoking and Library Cars, daily, Chicago to Salt Lake City.

For complete information regarding this line, call on your nearest ticket agent, any agent of this system, or address

R. TENBROECK, G. E. A.,
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E. DICKINSON, General Manager, Omaha, Neb.
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Little Bo Peep
(she fixed her sheep
So fate could not abuse
them—)
Stuck Cupid Hair Pins
in their tails,
And then they couldn't
lose them.

It's in the **TWIST**.

RICHARDSON & DeLONG BROS.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers of the famous
DeLong Hook and Eye.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT
THE **TIP-NUH**
AN **ULTRA FULL**
DRESS POKE
THAT DON'T PINCH
MADE BY **25¢** WILBUR SHIRT & COLLAR CO. TROY, N.Y.

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Cured of
Disfiguring
ECZEMA



By the
CUTICURA
REMEDIES

Our baby was badly afflicted with Eczema. Her head, arms, neck, and limbs were raw and bleeding when we concluded to try CUTICURA REMEDIES. We began with CUTICURA (ointment) and CUTICURA SOAP, and after the first application we could see a change. After we had used them one week some of the sores had healed entirely, and ceased to spread. In less than a month, she was free from scales and blemishes, and to-day has as lovely skin as any child. She was shown at the Grange Fair, and took a premium as the prettiest baby. Mm. & Mrs. PARK, 1600 Bellevue Ave., Kan. City. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston.

Removing dirt
shouldn't be the
only mission of
soap—It should heal,
soften,
purify
and
sweeten
the skin.

**CONSTANTINE'S
PINE TAR SOAP**
(Persian Healing)

This soap is delightful
for the every
day toilet and bath.

Sold by druggists. 11

Edward Everett Hale,
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DR. CHARCOT'S KOLA NERVINE TABLETS
"I am assured by careful inquiry among leading physicians and personal friends who have used it—and in whom I have the utmost confidence—that Dr. Charcot's Kola Nervine Tablets are invaluable in insomnia and in all nervous diseases."
—EDW. E. HALE.
Fifty cents and \$1.00 per box (one month's treatment). See Dr. Charcot's name on box. Write for free booklet and proofs. All druggists or sent direct. EUREKA CHEMICAL & MFG. CO., La Crosse, Wis., and Boston, Mass.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
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BOILING WATER OR MILK.

A Symbol of Purity
WHITE ROSE
TRADE MARK
GLYCERINE SOAP
Containing a large percentage of purest glycerine—undeniably the most healthful and healing ingredient of a perfect toilet soap. The trade-mark "No. 4711" on each tablet.
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, N.Y., U.S. Agents.

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Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure all kinds of Piles. It gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and nothing else. Every box is guaranteed. Sold by druggists, sent by mail, for 50c. and \$1.00 per box. **WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Prop's, Cleveland, O.**

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ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGANIES.
(Main Line B. & O. R. R.)

Season Opens June 22d, 1896.

Furnished cottages, with facilities for house-keeping, if desired. For terms apply to
GEORGE D. DESHIELDS, Manager,
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BOSTON & ALBANY R.R.

Springfield Line

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New 5½ Hour Train

Leaves New York 12:00 noon, due Boston 5:30 P.M.
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Other trains leave 9:00, 11:00 A.M., 4:00 and 11:00 P.M. The 4:00 and 11:00 P.M. run daily.

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AMERICA'S FAVORITES.
Are Built in the Largest and Best Equipped Factory on Earth.

Our unequalled facilities enable us to supply better bicycles for less money than other makers can afford to market an inferior production, hence in purchasing a Waverley there is a clear saving of \$15.00 or more. A higher grade bicycle, it is impossible to produce. Our catalogue explains all. Send for it.
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"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES."
GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF

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FIBRE CHAMOIS
Used and Endorsed by
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The genuine article is plainly stamped
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For Gentlemen.
The perfection of health protective underwear. It fits so well you only know you have it on, because you are so comfortable. Endorsed by all physicians. Send for Catalogue and our new book entitled "Modern Underwear and How to Wear It." Free.
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GRILLON
A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for
Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.
E. GRILLON,
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Sold by all Druggists.

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MANUFACTURER
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GAME COUNTERS
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LIQUID EXTRACT
OF
MALT & HOPS
FOR CONVALESCENTS, NURSING, AND THOSE SUFFERING FROM INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, ETC.
RECOMMENDED BY ALL LEADING PHYSICIANS.
PREPARED BY S. LIEBMAN'S SONS BREWING CO., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



LEGAL NOTICES.

PROPOSALS FOR \$4,300,814.99 GOLD BONDS AND Stock of the City of New York.

EXEMPT FROM TAXATION.

EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, GUARDIANS, AND OTHERS HOLDING TRUST FUNDS ARE AUTHORIZED BY LAW TO INVEST IN THESE BONDS.

INTEREST THREE PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Comptroller of the City of New York, at his office, No. 280 Broadway, until Thursday, the 21 day of April, 1896, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when they will be publicly opened, for the whole or a part of the following coupon or registered bonds and stock of the City of New York, principal and interest payable in gold coin of the United States of America, of the present standard of weight and fineness, to wit:

- \$1,575,000.00 "Consolidated Stock of the City of New York," issued for various public purposes—the principal payable November 1st, 1921.
- 258,400.00 "Consolidated Stock of the City of New York," for a new site and building for the College of the City of New York, and for the purchase of new stock or plant for the Department of Street Cleaning—the principal payable November 1st, 1915.
- 300,000.00 "Consolidated Stock of the City of New York," to provide for payments of awards, costs, etc., certified by the Change of Grade Damage Commission—the principal payable November 1st, 1910.
- 175,000.00 "Consolidated Stock of the City of New York," known as "Additional Water Stock"—the principal payable November 1st, 1915.
- 400,000.00 "Consolidated Stock of the City of New York," known as "Additional Croton Water Stock of the City of New York"—the principal payable November 1st, 1915.
- 1,000,000.00 "Consolidated Stock of the City of New York," known as "Dock Bonds of the City of New York"—the principal payable November 1st, 1926.
- 50,000.00 "Consolidated Stock of the City of New York," known as "Fire Hydrant Stock"—the principal payable November 1st, 1925.
- 542,414.99 "Consolidated Stock of the City of New York," known as "School House Bonds"—the principal payable November 1st, 1915.

The proposals should be enclosed in a sealed envelope, indorsed "Proposals for Bonds of the Corporation of the City of New York," and each proposal should also be enclosed in a second envelope, addressed to the Comptroller of the City of New York.

For full information see *City Record*.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
CITY OF NEW YORK—FINANCE DEPARTMENT,
Comptroller's Office, March 16th, 1896.

NOTICE.—Proposals for Plumbing, etc., at Jefferson Market Prison will be received by the Department of Correction, No. 66 Third Avenue. Bids to be opened on March 31st, at ten o'clock, A. M.

For full particulars see *City Record*.
ARTHUR PHILLIPS, Secretary.

ELECTROBOLE CURES PILES, external, internal, blind, or bleeding. Chronic, recent or hereditary. Sure relief. Cures in a few days, never returns, no purge, salve, suppository, knife, indelicacy or dieting. **FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.** Pamphlet mailed free. Address, J. H. REEVES, Box 685, New York, N. Y.

WANTED—AN IDEA. Who can think of some simple thing your ideas may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1800 prize offer and list of 20 inventions wanted.

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Pianos are the Best.
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CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

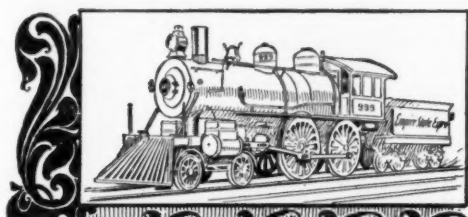
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THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY LADIES!!
Do you like a cup of Good Tea? If so send this "Ad" and 15c. in stamps and we will mail you a 1-lb. sample Best Tea Imported. Any kind you may select. Good incomes, Big Premiums, etc. Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder and Spices. Send for terms. (Mention "Leslie's Weekly")
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 229, 41 & 43 Vesey St., New York.



HE WAS RIGHT.

TEACHER—"Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say 'You can't learn me nothing'?"
PATSY—"Yis'm."
TEACHER—"Why?"
PATSY—"Cause yer can't."



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"999"

Built by the New York Central Line
That Hauled a train
On the fastest time
Ever made in the world
Or sung of in rhyme on

AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD

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WESTERN WHEEL WORKS BUILDERS
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The Perfection of Olive Oil

Your physician will tell you that Olive Oil, pure and sweet, is one of the most wholesome of foods. Rae's Oil is pure and sweet, as testified to by numerous awards and wide repute. A trial will convince you of its superior excellence as a food product.

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Secured by a Dividend Reserve Fund of U. S. Government Bonds, which may at all times be inspected by stockholders or their attorneys.

Dividends paid quarterly and likely to rapidly increase.

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is due to its capacity for doing the best work, and lots of it.
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- W. L. ALDEN, "With Romeo in Mantua."
- J. HOLT SCHOOLING, "Secrets in Cipher, IV."
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The only comfortable, healthful, and harmless bicycle saddle.

It's the Rattan that makes it what it is.

Souvenir pin, the sensation of the CYCLE SHOW, sent FREE on receipt of 4c. in stamps.

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PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. Denison, Publisher, Chicago Ill.

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or have you offensive and perspiring feet and arm-pits? We have a cure which is simple, positive and radical. Will send recipe to any address on receipt of 20 cents or stamps. Costs a trifle. All druggists.

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AUTOMATIC CYCLE SEAT CO.,
421 Road Block, Grand Rapids, Mich.



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A Graceful Act
of hospitality is to offer callers a cup of Bouillon made from

Armour's
Extract of BEEF.

It takes only a minute to prepare. Armour's Extract takes the place of home-made "Soup stock," costs less, goes farther and tastes better.

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One of our after-dinner coffee pots.

Trade-mark.

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shows the latest patterns in silverware—spoons, coffee sets, chafing dishes, toilet-ware, etc., and gives 200 suggestions for presents. Every housewife should send for a copy. Please mention this paper.

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Trade-mark on spoons, knives, and forks.

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Specially prepared for H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and H. R. H. the Princess Louise for use in keeping their diaries. Taught personally or by mail in from 10 to 20 days by the author.

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Honiton, Alençon, Duchesse Lace, Linen Batiste, Embroidered All Overs, Edgings and Bands, Mousselines, Chiffons, Veilings, Nets.

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Much Below Market Value.

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Yale Mixture
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A delightful blend of St. James Parish, Louisiana, Perique, Genuine Imported Turkish Extra Bright Plug Cut, Extra Bright Long Cut, and Marburg Bros. Celebrated Brand "Pickings."

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A 2oz Trial Package Post Paid for 25 Cts

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An ideal Ladies' Dress for Wheeling, combining many advantages of style and utility with a graceful and genteel appearance.

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An Ivory-Soap-and-water scrub,
With nerves restrung and muscles tense
The woman's new in every sense.

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that I was First am I Best,
BUT
that I am Best am I First.
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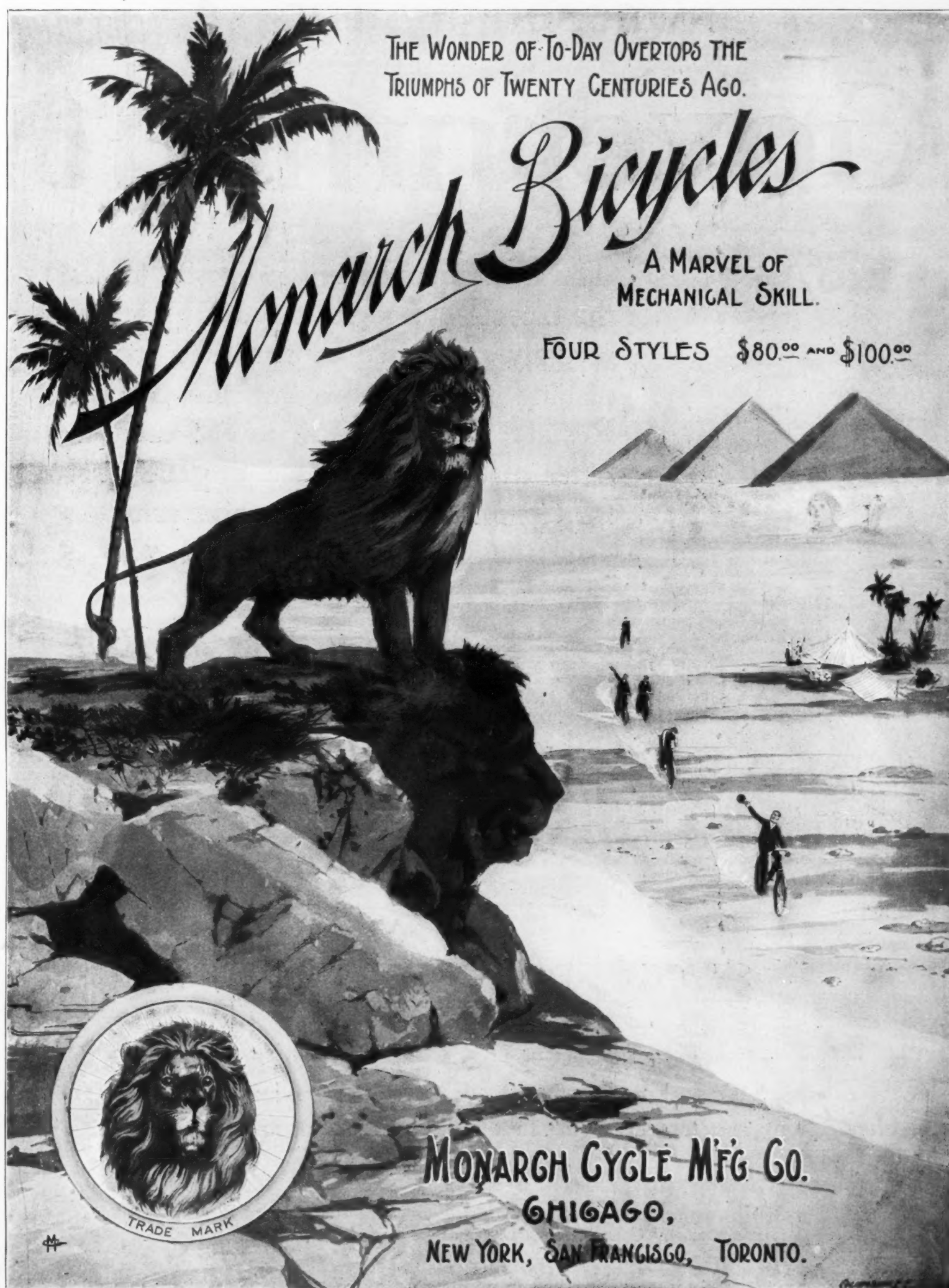


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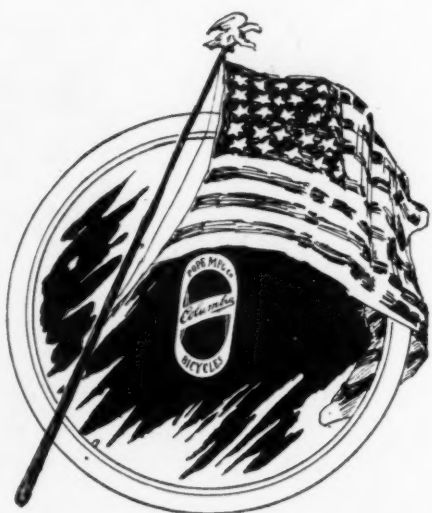
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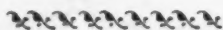
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